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High Times

April '78

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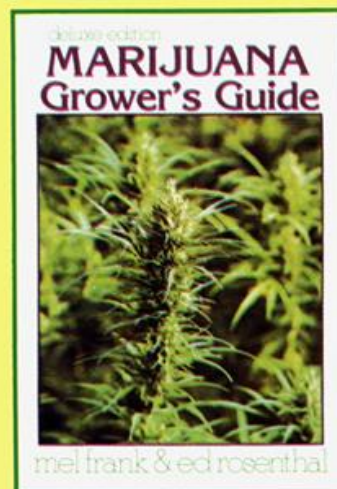
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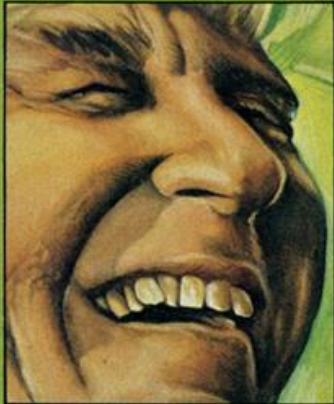
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High Times

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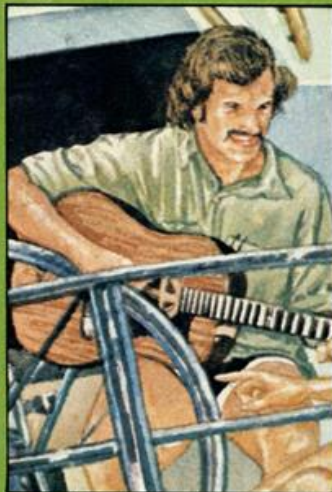


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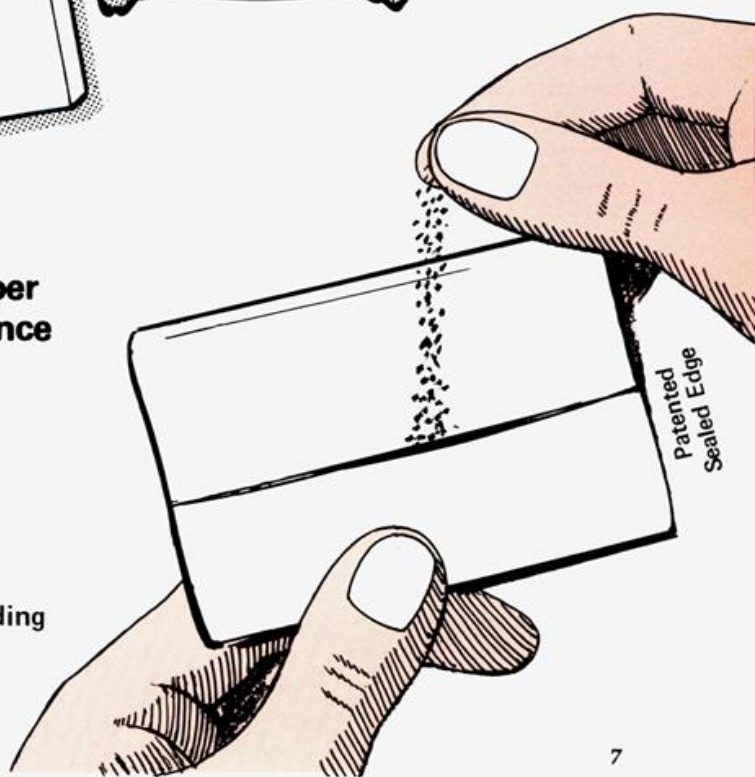
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Repeal Prohibition— Turn Yourself In on July 3, 1978

The question is not whether marijuana will be legalized. Everyone knows it will. The only question is when, and more importantly, how? Dealers and smugglers are naturally very concerned about this. We don't want to go to jail, thus we want the law changed. But we naturally don't want our businesses to be legislated out of existence in the process. It is for this reason that we oppose all attempts to legislate how marijuana will be sold. Instead we support abolition of pot prohibition. Wipe out the laws, throw the business open to anyone—no licenses, no permits, no monopolies. We feel certain that this will give all present pot industry workers the best chance of continuing to make a living without massive unemployment and economic dislocation.

The conglomerate corporate dinosaurs cannot move fast enough to outwit the free enterprise of a people. We can strike now to save ourselves, indeed our children and our children's children from a fate a thousand times worse than death—that is, poverty. Our battle plan is twofold: One, to demonstrate to ensure the civil rights of all marijuana smokers, retailers, wholesalers, importers and cultivators. Two, to demand a simple end to pot prohibition. In other words, guarantee by law that the pioneers of the marijuana trade, those who have learned to grow and transport and package the plant with love and care to seal in the flavor and goodness—that these Captains of Industry will not be crushed to the wall and forced to sell out for the price of a cheap necktie to the would-be marijuana monopolies, but that they shall be enabled to continue to transact their business, pay their taxes, satisfy their customers and gainfully employ hundreds of thousands of American workers as they do now. Where the monopolists would strangle our free trade and water down our products, we must preserve the marijuana economy we have built up at such a great cost—lest our dead comrades in Colombia, Mexico, Jamaica, Morocco, Lebanon, Afghanistan, Nepal, California, Arizona, Texas, Florida and throughout the dope world have shed their martyrs' blood in vain.

The alternative is ghastly. You won't be hearing so much about the wealthy marijuana merchants in their yachts, limousines and Lear jets, dining on cocaine, champagne and caviar, overseeing their vast empires of cargo fleets, loading zones and computerized freight traffic control. They'll be a hazy memory of better days long gone. And what will we have instead?

The major arteries of our cities will be clogged with bread lines. Thousands of ragged orphans, widowed women and hungry unemployed able-bodied men, starving in barren fields, freezing in snowdrifts, sleeping in doorways and garbage cans, begging for a few cents to buy a loose jay. Once-proud marijuana moguls will be selling apples on Haight Street, reduced to eating their neckties; whole communal families will be thrown off their farms, condemned by bank foreclosures to drift in the blizzard.

And why will this staggering nightmare of plunging poverty transform our prosperous American economy into a Depression worse than the 1930s? Because society will throw these people aside once they've stolen their means of earning an honest dollar. Yes, the Robber Barons, the Madison Avenue Potheads and the Billion-Dollar Dopers are plotting even as you read this to steal your income, your God-given right to earn a buck, by having their friends in Washington legislate the dope industry so they can take it over for themselves.

Brothers and sisters, unless we act now, the Alcohol and Tobacco Trusts will seize and monopolize our livelihood, drive our daughters into the streets and take the rolling papers from our babies' cradles. Even as you read this, the giant corporations are drawing their blueprints for vast pot plantations, manned by underpaid migrants without the God-given right to strike, producing garbage weed for mass consumption. In the tenements of the large cities, huge tracts of derelict land have been purchased for conversion into ill-ventilated sweatshops where our 80-year-old mothers will be reduced to rolling joints for three dollars an hour while grizzled overseers use their bullwhips to ensure a no-smoking policy. And the friendly mom and pop headshop, the center of life of so many communities, will be replaced by modern cellophane-wrapped shopping centers with six-acre parking lots. Brothers and sisters—I think that covers everyone—they are going to build Sodom and Gomorrah on the fertile soil of Guajira, they are going to erect the Tower of Babel with our blood and sweat!

Yes, fellow marijuana-smoking patriots, we owe what we inhale to a brave army of front-line daredevils and businesspersons, and we must stand behind them now. Now, how can we ensure that these guardians of the public welfare, and smokefare, and welstash, will be around, a decade hence, bringing us superior weed at reasonable rates? We must force the Congress to repeal Prohibition now. And we can do that by congregating at the White House in Washington, D.C., on July 3, 1978, to turn ourselves in by the thousands for the possession of one joint! Apiece, that is. A sea of sunny faces on the White House lawn, each of them surrounding a flaming aromatic torch of liberty, will level the walls of Jericho and bring about the repeal of Prohibition that will usher us into the New Jerusalem of the Promised Land.

Friends, the Confederation extends to you its invitation to help repeal Prohibition on July 3. Tens of thousands of your brothers and sisters will be on hand and a good time shall be had by all. This may be our last chance to protect the civil rights of marijuana smokers and prevent the marijuana monopolies. We must all smoke together or we shall all burn separately. So come to Washington and tell the Madison Avenue Potheads: We will not sell our birthright. We will not sell our souls to the Whore of Babylon. And they shall not crucify America on a cross of Colombian Gold.

—The Confederation (an association of independent marijuana, hashish and hashish oil smugglers, ton dealers, growers, transporters and workers)



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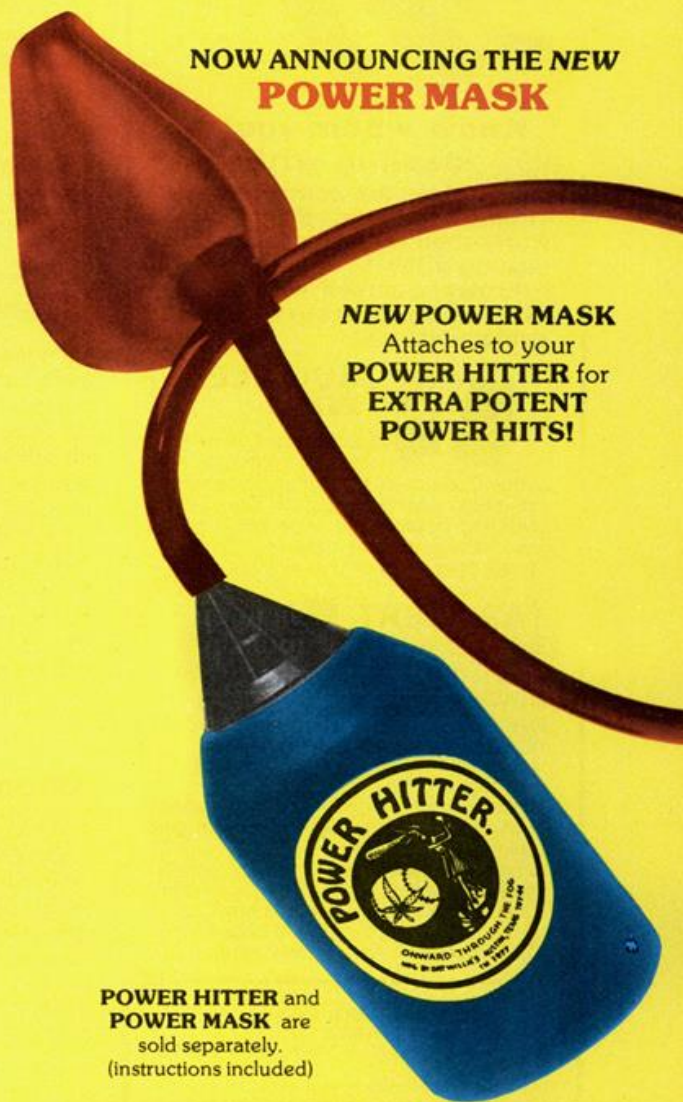
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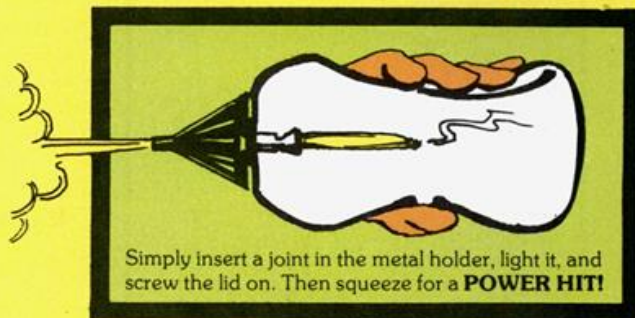
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Still No. 1

To anyone who dares say *High Times* isn't about dope any more, I say look at the fantastic January '78 issue. What a way to kick off the new year—a dazzling cocaine centerfold and a tantalizing Panama Red pictorial! Congratulations on going white and red at the same time. You're still the most outrageous magazine in the world.

—J. McCafferty, Washington, D.C.

Carrier Smuggler

Forget all them planes and boats. For the past three years I've been using pigeons (homers—I have 30) with a half or full lid on their backs. They can fly long-range with very little water; just feed 'em two or three pinches of corn mash before they make a long trip. The DEA or Customs can't shoot 'em down, and you don't have to worry about radios or radar, the CIA, FBI or any foreign fuckers. My two favorites are named Winter Hawk and Thunderbolt. Their only threat is rain or snow—it throws them off course.

—Name withheld, Madison, Wis.

Guard Damns It

As an incognito freak in the Coast Guard, I must defend the crew of the C.G.C. Dauntless [see *High Times*, "National Weed," August '77]. All of the drug-busting decisions are made by the officers and government bureaucracy aboard the ship. The enlisted peons are merely paid slaves who carry out orders to keep from being blacklisted by the government when they get out.

Here in the frozen points of northern Michigan, we have little chance to see a boatload of weed and spend most of our time fighting ice or chasing buoys, but we do get our share of most kinds of drugs. We made a four-year mistake, but never again.

—F. T. G., Charlevoix, Mich.

Keith's So Couth

The straights might succeed some day in putting Keith Richard [*High Times*, "Interview," January '78] behind bars, but he'll never be found guilty of bad dope

etiquette. Here's a guy who most people would let puke on their carpet just so they could say a Rolling Stone had been to their place, and he says, "I would never turn blue in someone else's bathroom. I consider it the height of bad manners." Something else, huh?

—Gina D., Philadelphia, Pa.

Clearing the Air

Not all of us ham radio operators are "short-haired, fuck-communism, patriotic types" as David Noland describes [*High Times*, "Pirate Radio," December '77]. Allow me to correct a few technical inaccuracies. The Collins transceiver is the KWM2, not KWN2; it does not have digital readout; but it may be purchased in used condition for under \$1,000.

The TH6DX aerial is made by Hy-Gain, not Mosley; I should know... I've worked the world using one. Finally, the Ten Tec KR50 keyer is a piece of shit. I recommend the Auttek model MK-1, with memory circuits so you can program your messages in and recall them at the push of a button; sending decent Morse code is hard as hell when you're stoned!

—Name withheld, Newington, Conn.

Baba Rum Dum

I just read your January guide to "India" five times, and I laughed more every time. I love the way you handled it, not as a sacred object, but as a target for loving satire. Is Ganesh Baba for real? And how about the author, Johnny Baba? Is he related to your house Indian, Johnny "Cigar Store" Bob, or to Baba Rum Raisin?

—Jack McCloskey,

East McKeesport, Conn.

Ganesh Baba, the Indian dope guru, is real indeed; his words, as reported, even more real. As you have correctly guessed, author Johnny Baba is an Indian of the British Colombian variety, born Canada, raised Vancouver, educated various logging camps, gin mills and penitentiaries. From time to time (in this issue, in fact) his accounts of spiritual odyssey are published in *High Times*. When in New York, he would like to meet Jimmy Breslin, assorted Hamill brothers and Johnny Walker.—Ed.

TV Rat-ings

My personal thanks to Randy Young for fingering the scum of the earth [*High Times*, "Informer Chic," January '78]. I recently spent six months in a Florida prison thanks to information supplied by a one-time friend. However, I think Young overlooked the most visible and pervasive influence for informer chic on American consciousness: the TV cop show.

Every night, on every network, some

dedicated cop squeezes a weak citizen until he or she turns over evidence. Without exception, this finking asshole is later wasted in a mixup or cuts a deal and disappears during the commercial, and the plot is resolved in favor of the cops. People are starting to believe that informants are some kind of undercover cop. When it comes to warping peoples' minds, one Kojak is a thousand times more dangerous than all the rats in Beverly Hills. —Name and address withheld

Well-Informed

Enjoyed Randy Young's "Informer Chic" immensely. It was gratifying to see those pampered rats Gregg and Cher and Tim Leary and John Dean mocked and reviled as they deserve. I'd like to add what noted informer Vincent Teresa pointed out in his book, *Vincent Teresa's Mafia*: that, contrary to what you saw in *The Godfather*, every Mafia don from Lucky Luciano on down was at one time or another an informer of the very type they put on such a great show of despising.

—Nick Grogan, Pleasantville, N.Y.

Miraa Warning

On page 120 on your January '78 issue is an ad for an "exotic African stimulant" called "Miraa," the Kenyan name for *Catha edulis* or *chat*. In the ad, the Miraa Corporation of Rockville, Maryland, uses my name to boost their product. I have had no contact with that company and did not authorize them to use my name or words. To my knowledge, *chat* or *miraa* loses all or most of its activity upon drying. It is only consumed in the form of fresh leaves in the countries where it is chewed. Far from recommending the dried product in the ad, I would warn your readers that it is unlikely to work, and I would urge them to demand their money back if they get burned.

—Andrew Weil, M.D., Tucson, Ariz.

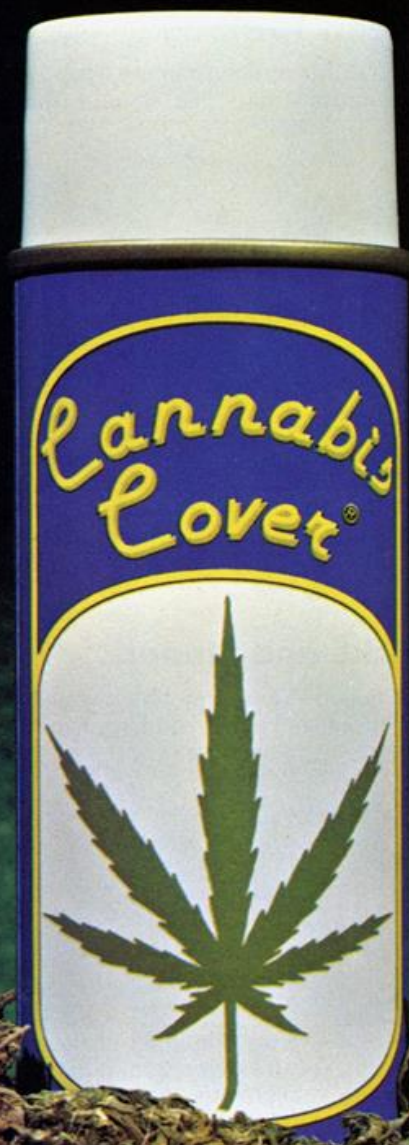
We're All Wet

In regard to Dr. Weil's letter, we were simply taking a direct quote as a point of reference. We felt that there would be no objections, and we were wrong. Hereafter, the Miraa Company or any other company to which I am connected submits that the name Andrew T. Weil, M.D., will never be used or mentioned in connection with any of our products for any reason whatsoever. We sincerely apologize for any problems that it might have caused.

In his letter, Dr. Weil also inferred that we are selling a dry product. That is false. Our Miraa is flown in from Africa fresh and goes to the customer in wet form.

—Bill Olmsted, President,
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Green Tornado

I found this mutation in my Thai-Colombian cross-strain. The stem is flat and



striated, and the head is bigger than my fist. Southern Indiana grows the best sinsemilla! —Name and address withheld

Sticks and Stoned

Sticks and stones may break your bones, but these sticks just bend your mind. I'd



like to do up the whole lot of these tasty little fingers all at once, but I don't want to miss the 1980 Olympics.

—The Clock Tower Gang, N.Y.

Chirp Shot

As you can see, this baby wren is right at home, singing the praises of this year's



southern fantasy crop. And after we harvest it, the South will rise again!

—S. F. Inc., Atlanta, Ga.

Hi Yo, Golden

Some resinous gold Colombian swept through town recently, full of magnificent



sculptured works like this. We think of it as the Space Cowboy's horse. Even Rodin would have been impressed.

—Robert Basha, address withheld

Seedless Wonder

Don't drool, folks, it's some Hawaiian sinsemilla grown along the Colombian



River in Oregon. And believe me, it tastes as good as it looks.

—Name and address withheld

High and Mighty

Fuck the California drought! These towering Colombian Red buds were suf-



ficient to knock all my friends' socks off. Being as the weather can't get any worse, hopes are even higher for next season.

—Name and address withheld

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The Tablet of Youth

Q. A "health nut" friend of mine who saw I was starting to get a few wrinkles said I should try to score some vitamin B₁₂. If there really is such a thing, will it help keep me young?

—Bob Mannheim, Shasta, Tenn.

A: A recently discovered nutrient, B₁₂, is also called pangamic acid. It has been extensively studied by doctors in Russia and Europe, and overall, its effects do seem to help slow down the aging process.

The new vitamin stimulates the flow of adrenaline and improves the oxygen supply to all tissues. It also helps the body to rid itself of poisons, including air and water pollutants, pesticides, alcohol and cigarette smoke. Recommended doses are 150 mg per day for country folks and up to 300 mg a day for city slickers. It's not yet readily available in America, though some health-needs stores do stock an imported Soviet brand.

Ass Cubes

Q. While I was having a drink recently at New York's Anvil Bar, some lordly young stud (a waiter? actor?) pranced down the bar and dropped an ice cube out of his asshole into my drink. I guess the purpose was to turn the guys on, which it did so well I almost popped my banana cream. But is there any other reason to chill your anus, and could it be harmful?

—George M., New York, N.Y.

A: Having your partner hold an ice cube near the anus just before climax seems to



Hot rods and cold tubes on the Anvil.

intensify the orgasm for some people, though others find it an unpleasant shock and turn-off. Turning the rectum into a freezer for hours on end every day would certainly damage the delicate tissues of the lining, but an occasional cube won't hurt it.

Tenth Planet

Q. A friend tells me there's a tenth planet in the solar system, which we know by its gravitational effect on Pluto's orbit. Is this solid knowledge or just a theory?

—Horst Bruckner, Ada, Ohio

A: Much has been written in the search for the tenth planet. Many astrologists have indeed tried to find the transplutonian world by calculating from irregularities in the orbits of Pluto and Neptune. So far the only success has been the recent discovery of a body between Saturn and Uranus by Dr. Charles T. Kowal, using the 48-inch Schmidt telescope of Mt. Palomar's Hale Observatory. Dr. Kowal says, "I haven't the slightest idea what it is." It has been estimated at only 100 to 400 miles in diameter, and some think it is an escaped moon of another planet or an asteroid. Because it is so far outside the asteroid belt, it is being called a miniplanet until astronomers gather more information.

Enough to Bust?

Q. I've been told that two grams is the smallest amount of pot you can be arrested for, because the cops need a gram to test and one for court evidence. Do they really have to throw you back if your stash is too small?

—C. M. I., Louisville, Ky.

A: The law in most states reads "any amount," while some will nab you for a "usable amount" and others require that there be "enough to test." Since conclusive tests can be performed on a small fragment of one dried leaf, the limit might be stashed under your fingernail. However, Arizona and the District of Columbia will only nab you for a "usable amount"; that is, enough to get you high. In the recent Arizona case of State v. Murphy, judges ruled that 0.3 gram was enough to cause a buzz. They apparently had a good connection, but back in 1974, a District of Columbia court ruled that a few seedlings were not "usable" and dismissed the case (U.S. v. Collier). Similarly, a 1972 Nevada court found 17 seeds insufficient evidence.

Hold On

Q. I've heard there's a way to prolong ejaculation by somehow squeezing the penis just before the point of no return. If you can tell me what the trick is, my guy and I would be forever grateful.

—Katrina Arnstead, Bellbourn, Ohio

A: You're talking about the style supposedly invented by the Saxons, the Teutonic invaders who kicked the last Druids out of England about 450 A.D. The idea of coitus saxonus is to prolong the orgasm, releasing it drop by drop, by pressing with two or three fingertips at the base of the shaft, on the underside near the bulb or

halfway between the scrotum and the anus. The pressure should be firm but not enough to bruise. It doesn't always work for everybody, so be patient and try slightly different spots for the pressure. This practice has sometimes been touted as a birth-control method, but don't be fooled. It's worthless for that use.

Steal This Plant

Q. I love all kinds of plants, but I can't afford exotic florist prices. Do you know any cheap sources of uncommon flora?

—Jerry Steinway, Redondo Beach, Ca.

A: Most plants can clone themselves by growing roots from leaf or stem cuttings. Just nip an unnoticed piece of that philodendron in the Chinese restaurant, a twig from your neighbor's geranium or a quick seed pod when the florist's back is turned and presto, you've got a free garden.

Cuttings must be taken when this year's growth is old enough to survive, but



Lippincott-Rock/Thormahlen

Cloning—a slip off the old stock.

young enough to sprout roots easily. For outdoor plants this means late spring or early summer; for indoor types, July or August. Amputate a four- to six-inch twig with a 45-degree razor cut half an inch below a leaf node.

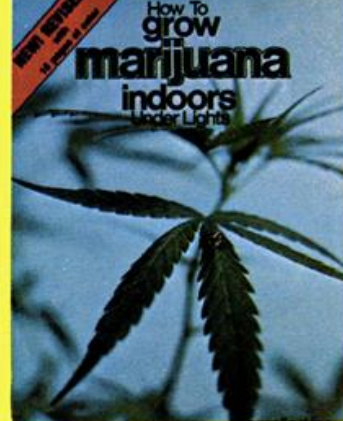
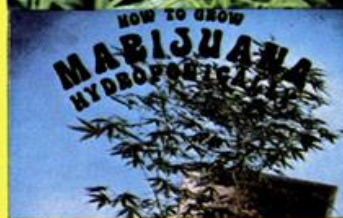
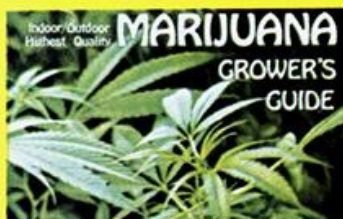
Many can be rooted in a glass of water, but the best all-purpose medium is equal parts vermiculite, sand and potting soil. Remove leaves from the lower two inches, make a pencil hole in the soil (you can add a pinch of sand for drainage), then insert the cutting and pack the dirt around it.

Questions on all topics will be considered for "Forum," including all highs, sex, health, law, science, technology, music, etc. Only those of most interest can be answered. Be specific for most accurate responses. Anonymous queries are accepted. ■

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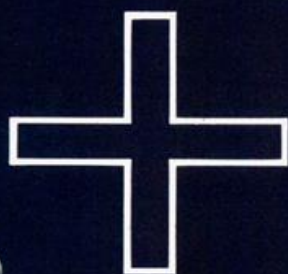
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Howard the Duck and Friend

The hottest new talent in Stan Lee's Marvel Comics stable is Steve Gerber, who's caused the most excitement in comic fandom since Lee gave Spiderman his superpowers and an Oedipus complex. In the past three years, Gerber has given us a duck from another dimension who walks and talks like a human—Groucho Marx in particular—smokes cigars, lives with a buxom redhead and carries the weight of the world around on his shoulders... ah, wing feathers; an unexplained elf with a gun who appears out of nowhere, murders perfectly innocent people and disappears without a word of explanation; another elf who hijacks Santa's sled; a barbarian who pops up out of a peanut-butter jar; and a world-famous rock group transposed to comic-book heroes who allow their own real blood to be mixed with the red ink of the comic, thereby allowing all of their fans to have some

exciting Kiss blood of their very own.

Gerber's premier creation, **Howard the Duck** (which is now being syndicated into some 600 newspapers besides the Marvel monthly color comic), is described by Gerber as "a minority of one. The alienation is extremely obvious. I think everyone has felt that way, but in Howard the problem is just much more pronounced." When Gerber had Howard run for president of the United States in the comic book in 1976, the Duck garnered several



Howard the Duck: Neurotic, not daffy.

hundred real write-in votes in real life.

Like other comics professionals Gerber started out as a fan. "Actually it was the 'Superman' TV show that got me inter-

ested in the comic... I happened to catch it on TV one day, and the idea of a guy jumping in the air and keeping on going blew my mind." He got his start writing advertising jingles for the local Savings and Loan until called to duty with Marvel.

Soon Marvel fans began to notice a pattern to Gerber's writings—alienation, loneliness, antiheroic misery. "It was something that I never even intended at first... I have this problem that I don't really believe in heroes; you know I'm not sure there is such a thing as a hero, and I'm not sure it's a very good idea to foster in the minds of children that there are such things either. Not that there aren't admirable people—certainly all of the Marvel super heroes are that. I think they have to be fallible, they have to be capable of fouling up. I think what I'm doing is taking the Marvel pattern one step further, making the hero character more accountable to society and to people and to himself really."

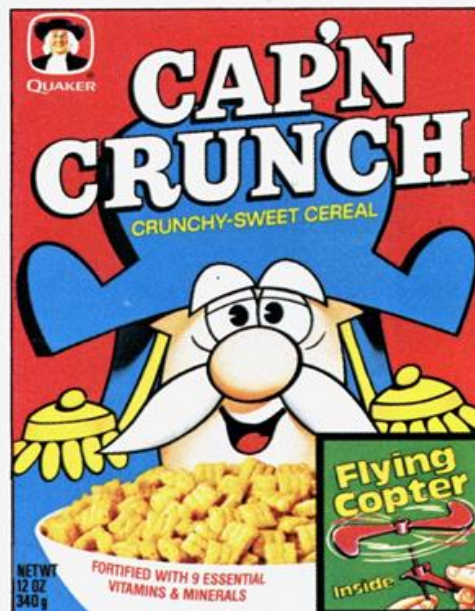
Gerber's existential self-consciousness appeals to the Marvel fans, but his admissions that Howard is mystically linked to the great occult duck tradition that includes Donald and Uncle Scrooge and other "funny animals," the bane of the heavy-metal action-comics cult, have not made him any friends. But Gerber and Howard take to controversy like a duck takes to water, and when the smoke, dust and flying feathers clear it seems likely that they will be the most memorable comics phenomena of the Seventies.

—Randy Paul Young

An Evening with Captain Crunch

John Draper, better known as Captain Crunch for his discovery that the toy whistle in the cereal box would make a pay phone work without a dime, was in town recently for his first summit conference with the top-secret TAP collective of clandestine circuit breakers, computer deprogrammers and electronics geniuses who've made the last ten years interesting if not difficult for the phone company. As a group, they'd never convened with the Captain before, and the switchers' sab-bath ran late into the night as knowledge passed through the fugitive interfaces like the robot C3PO plugging into the memory grids of Vader's death ship in *Star Wars*.

I didn't understand a word of it but had an illuminating interface with Thomas Edison, editor of the group's newsletter, **TAP**. **TAP** has been appearing at irregular intervals over the last few years to summarize and disseminate all the data that's fit to leak. There are 2,000 subscribers, including somebody in Ralph Nader's office, a lot of celebs I can't name and "a hell of a lot of people named Occupant," and the reason for all this secrecy is that **TAP**'s little bit of knowledge is considered a



The box that began it all.

dangerous thing to Ma Bell's profits, since it can be used by anyone to call anywhere free forever, more or less. The **TAP** newsletter is invaluable at \$5 for ten issues (back issues 50¢ each) from **TAP**, Room 418, 152 West 42 Street, New York, New York 10036—and by the way, Your Honor, this is strictly a mail drop. No phone

phreaks are anywhere on the premises.

Another neat **TAP** disservice to America is their Destructory Assistance (D.A.) reference system, I guess you'd call it. D.A. info is not for sale, but if you send in information on one of these topics—black, blue and red boxes, Bell reprints, bugs and scrambles, interesting phone numbers, test numbers, installation and attachments, pay phones, domestic and foreign codes, laws, electronics, chemistry, politics, radio and TV, credit cards, locks and foreign coins, personal survival, utilities (electric and gas), etc.—along with a large, self-addressed stamped envelope, they will send you an equal amount of whatever info you want, if they have it.

And they have it. To give an idea of the kind on input **TAP** gets, remember that college kid who designed a nuclear weapon as a physics class project and wouldn't sell it to any foreign power at any price? He sent **TAP** a blueprint, gratis. Where it is, of course, they're not saying.

Long hours later, Captain Crunch vanished back into the circuits whence he came. Crunch is currently facing charges of "stealing services from the phone company" in Pennsylvania; it is his third bust. Authorities are warned that they are dealing with a nuclear power.

—Gilbert Choate

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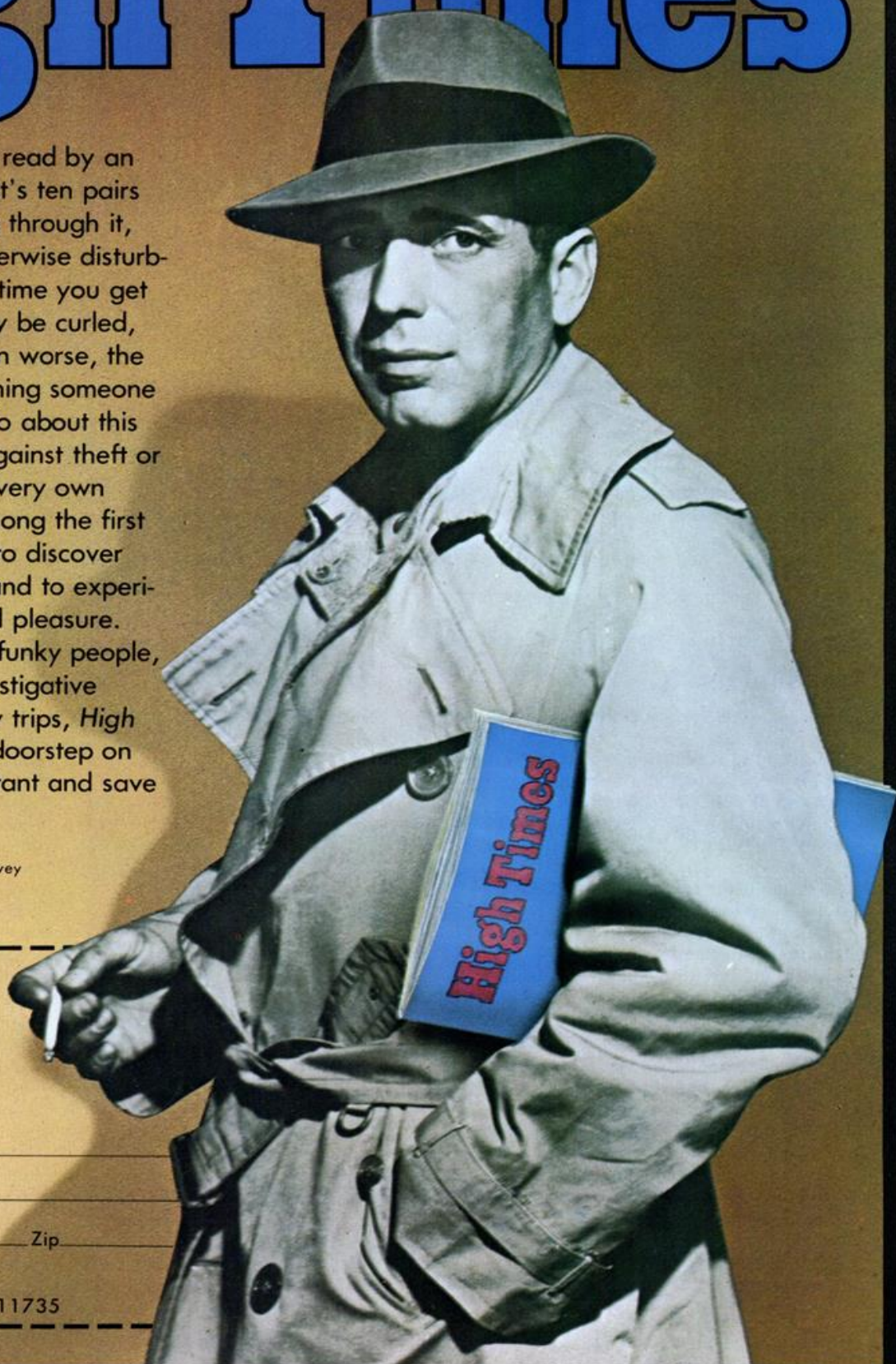
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NEWS

Death Toll Rises in Latin Dope War

BOGOTA, COLOMBIA—The three-year-old Latin dope war escalated to new and bloody heights during the closing months of 1977, with two U.S. marijuana farmers gunned down on their plantation a few miles outside of the coastal town of Santa Marta. Martin and Barbara Karper were shot along with three Colombian field hands on their farm in Guachacha, 15 minutes outside the city center.

U.S. State Department officials shut off all inquiries, telling reporters that the shooting was the result of a "property dispute" and that no marijuana or cocaine was involved in the midnight incident. However, sources here claim the Karpers were major figures in a marijuana and cocaine export business that reached into the American embassy in Bogota. The sources added that the shooting was a direct result of a territorial dispute over cocaine exports.

Reliable sources inside the Justice Ministry confirm that DAS narcotics agents had been checking up on the 41-year-old Martin Karper, whose El Recoveco farm consisted of coconut cultivations and beef cattle. However, added the sources, the Karpers were being investigated because their marijuana-cocaine network posed a threat to already existing export lines.

Although no cocaine or marijuana was recovered by police investigators, the sources added that an undetermined amount had been known to be at El Recoveco prior to the shooting. The sources also said that the only thing missing from the farm was the Karpers' white Toyota land rover that bore diplomatic plates from the U.S. embassy.

The bizarre nature of the Karper story is the latest in a series of incidents that have rocked the internal structure of the Colombian export industry. Between November and December of last year, there were at least 72 confirmed deaths in the Guajira grass-growing region alone. These casualties were directly related to marijuana and cocaine exporters battling for power in this multi-billion-dollar region. Dope war casualties in neighboring Santa Marta during the same period included two F-2 narcotics agents and a judge investigating an important grass-smuggling route. They were gunned down on the road to a marijuana plantation in Fundacion.

In December, two more narcs were shot by members of a smuggling operation who had them on payroll. The narcs and their companions entered the Estrella del Mar bar in Santa Marta, asked for a



Dope warriors fan out prior to raid on South American pot plantation.

bottle of brandy and drank to everyone's health. Suddenly, the companions drew guns and mowed down the cops, according to some witnesses.

The intensity of the war has also entered courtrooms throughout the country, with at least ten Customs Court judges fleeing benches for their lives. Judge Juan Crump Perez, involved in accepting payoffs to let off cocaine smugglers in his Barranquilla court, fled town after threats by unhappy smugglers and an internal investigation by the Justice Ministry.

Bogota Judge Angulo Gonzalez is also wanted by trigger-prone smugglers for reneging on promises paid for in cash. Northern district judges Gustavo Ordone Vasquez and Antonio Bonilla Suarez have disappeared and are feared dead.

Peru Down on Coca

LIMA, PERU—In a U.S. DEA-backed move here, the government has outlawed possession and sale of coca leaves at altitudes under 1,500 meters. All sales of the Andean leaf, which contributes important vitamins and minerals to the generally poor diets of several million Peruvian Indians, will now be handled directly by the National Coca Company of Peru (ENACO).

The small green leaf, used in the manufacture of cocaine, allows the blood of those living at high altitudes to absorb more oxygen from the thin air. Indians who have used coca for some 3,000 years to reduce hunger and fatigue had no part in

the government's decision. The new law will also effect foreigners traveling into Peru.

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Ecuadorian narc plots cocaine pipeline.

Coke Busts Rock Ecuador

QUITO, ECUADOR—Ecuadorian and Interpol narcotics agents have recently completed a series of unusually heavy cocaine busts throughout the country, picking up well over 50 kilos of refined and semirefined cocaine destined for North America and Europe.

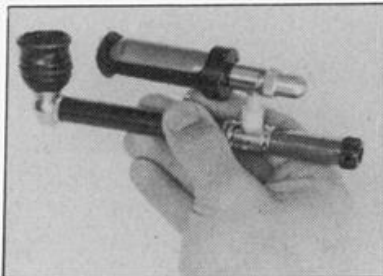
In the rugged Peruvian frontier town of Huaquillas, three kilos of cocaine paste were found on a delivery man who turned out to be Peruvian Army Captain Javier Cevallos, a former narcotics chief in Lima. Cevallos was taken to Quito for questioning and has subsequently disappeared from sight.

A few miles north of the Peruvian frontier, Ecuadorian Police Corporal Cesar Rafael Cajamarca, whose job it was to insure the burning of confiscated cocaine, was busted by his own superiors for reselling ten-pound lots of captured blow to a local export network. And in the cocaine port city of Guayaquil, two cocaine kitchens were hit with 11 cooks arrested and over 22 kilos of cocaine confiscated. The entrances to the underground labs, which had been in business for two years in the center of downtown Guayaquil, were disguised with weeds and scrub brush.

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Elite Narcs Infiltrate Maine Smugglers

The U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) has formed a special 15-man platoon to supervise the infiltration of marijuana-import groups working in Maine. *High Times* has learned. The DEA group, gathered under orders of DEA Director Peter Bensinger, comes in the wake of an announcement by White House drug advisor Dr. Peter Bourne that stated the Carter administration has been conducting an ongoing analysis of Maine's decriminalization law to determine what effect the statute has on the state's booming marijuana-import industry.

Bensinger, a longtime vocal opponent of decrim, indicated during a recent meeting that Maine's relatively lenient pot laws may encourage marijuana groups to operate out of the state. "The prime objec-

tive of the task force will be to penetrate international organized criminal conspiracies that will lead to grand jury indictments," he said. "This will not be a short-term effort on our part."

The task force was appropriated a three-month operating budget of \$47,000 that will be used to pay for informers to infiltrate import rings. "We are not looking for arrests," said Bensinger. "We want to get indictments."

The DEA intends to solicit the marina operators, fishermen, coastal wardens and local residents as well as inside agents to patrol Maine's 2,500-mile coastline. The agency maintains that \$75-million worth of marijuana enters the U.S. through the New England corridor annually, with \$18 million of that total coming through Maine.

Hawaiian Pot Thrives Despite War

by Bill Eger

MAUI—Everything's back to normal on Hawaii's lush Valley Isle, where the massive 10,000-foot-wide crater Haleakala creates perfect weather for the cultivation of prime sinsemilla. The ragged scars left on the summer crop by extensive police and National Guard raids have been covered over by a fine fall harvest currently driving prices to highs of \$4,000 a pound on the East Coast.

Maui Wowie, the now fabled buds of paradise, suffered a distinct setback last June when operations Destroy and Grass-hopper wiped out 12 tons of prime pot.

"Merely a drop in the bucket," one grower said bravely while lacing fresh seed into a mix of volcanic soil and chicken shit. "We'll be back in business before you know it."

Indeed, everyone on Maui knew only the surface was scratched in the estimated \$10-million-a-year cottage industry that is much preferred to seeking tips from tourists. One local writer estimated employ-



A bed of grass cushions the ride of police officers on Maui who participated in recent raids that netted 12 tons of primo Hawaiian.

ment of 1,000 in the trade, raising some 50,000 plants a year that wholesale for no less than \$1,200 a pound for buds.

Action was hot during the sum-

mer. At least five helicopters were used during a three-day blitzkrieg ordered by Governor George Ariyoshi, who unleashed his narcs on Maui, Kauai and Molokai. Raiding fields as much as five miles from the nearest road, police and guardsmen were winched down from hovering choppers to reap a harvest they never planted. Fifteen square miles—of more than 700 miles of island—were the target.

Maui Police Chief John San Diego let it be known that the raiders would return fire if anyone shot at the choppers. No one did, but some citizens were harassed by abusive law enforcement agents, a pattern repeated throughout residential areas. Helicopters flew frequently at treetop level, with armed troopers visible in their doorways.

Albert Halama, a Kanaio resident who has served in three wars, exemplified the anger over the antipot flights that was felt by hundreds of Maui residents who have no connections with marijuana and want no part of a police state.

"It was an unreasonable invasion of our guaranteed right of privacy," a petition circulated by Halama said. "It was noisy and offensive; it was obnoxious and harassment; it was dangerous to our families, homes and property; it was extremely wasteful of our tax money; it was the power of the military senselessly turned against us, the citizenry; it was a grave misuse of government power." He also wondered who would pay for the water pipes that were broken by the landing helicopters.

Halama and 17 others filed suit naming the governor, National Guard officials, Maui Mayor Elmer Cravalho and Chief San Diego as defendants in seeking \$75,000 per plaintiff in damages. Part of the suit quickly proved successful in a temporary restraining order by Circuit Court Judge S. George Fukuoka that barred helicopter flights at less than 1,000 feet.

Although Maui was the prime target, narcs completely ignored the big island of Hawaii, where marijuana is an even larger industry. Neither do narcs suggest a reason why raids occurred only on Haleakala and not on West Maui, which is reputed to be highly organized in pot cultivation.

"They would have shot the fuckers out of the sky," one longtime Hawaii resident said, "and they all know it. You can't shoot back from a flaming helicopter in a tailspin. The Maui people are too mellow for that kind of action, but not on Hawaii."

"The new crop is in, here and on Kauai," said a local Wowie grower. "A dude came down with 4½ pounds in a flour sack on his back. Wanted \$1,600 a pound, but we gave him \$1,350. Fair." The grower added that prices are now \$3,200 a pound in Alaska, \$3,500 in Denver and \$4,000 and more in New York.

"As less expensive Latin pot becomes scarcer," added another local grower, "Hawaiian marijuana is bound to rise in popularity. And our prices are going to have to become more competitive."



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25 Tons & Ship Explode!

by Barry Marks

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA—A boat stuffed with 25 tons of Colombian marijuana rammed into a fog-shrouded jetty here, caught fire and exploded, hurling a multi-ton shower of flaming marijuana in a 70-foot circle around the craft.

The fishing boat *Gilberto* was heading north when it ran into trouble on the treacherous jetties. Shortly after the craft beached and caught fire, the crew jumped ship and was arrested. The boat, owned by 56-year-old Lorenzo Aros of Miami, was on its way to drop off cargo at northeastern ports.

The bulk of the fiery pot was thrown onto the beach, causing an inferno that brought five fire engines and caused four injuries. But enough pot was left intact to draw almost 1,000 people to the area. DEA agents who began to rake up the weed were swarmed by pot seekers who grabbed every twig in sight. The Florida Highway Patrol was called in to keep the crowd away from the area. For nearly 12 hours armed police surrounded the pot-strewn beach.

But clouds of marijuana smoke floated downwind and into the assembled mass. "I've never seen anything like it," said one man who battled traffic for nearly an hour to reach the pot roast. "This must be what smoke-ins are all about."

Fire fighters blanketed the boat with water for over two hours before abandoning the effort.



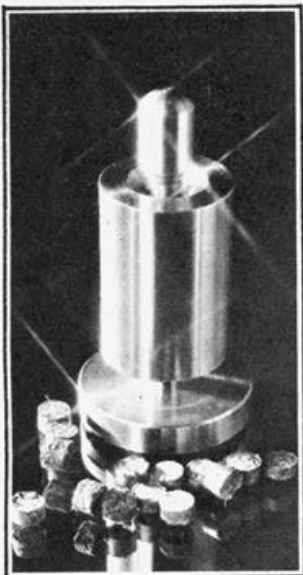
Gilberto's charred hull remained aflame for 12 hours.

Times Journal



The Gilberto explodes into flames moments after it ran aground off Jacksonville, Florida.

Times Journal



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1st Int'l Narc Conference Stresses Rehab

For the first time, a body of federal narcs posted throughout Latin America met in Florida recently to discuss the other side of drug law enforcement—the treatment and rehabilitation of drug users—with an all-star cast of Carter administration dope experts including White House drug advisor Peter Bourne, Dr. Robert L. DuPont, director of the National Institute of Drug Abuse, Peter Bensinger, director of the Drug Enforcement Administration, and a coke-snorting canine cop named Pepper.

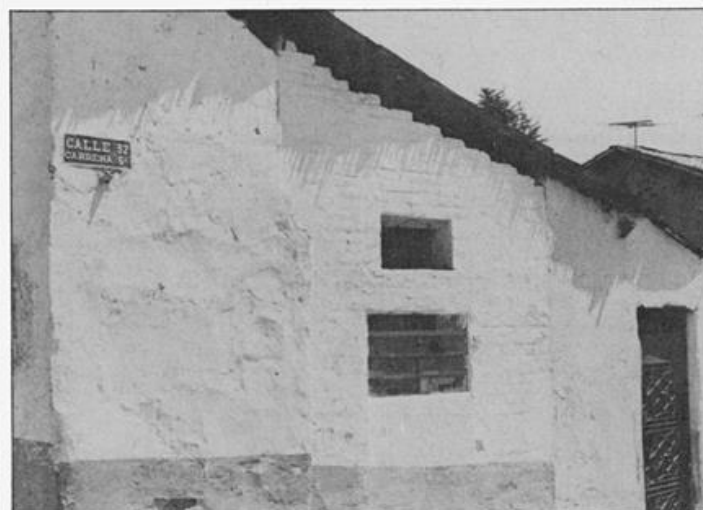
With no fanfare and little media coverage, scores of federal narcs quietly left their posts throughout Latin America for \$60-a-night rooms at the posh Four Ambassadors Hotel in Miami, where the conference was held, with only armed guards at every door to distinguish it from the many other sales meetings held simultaneously at the hotel.

The Florida conference was the first time the State Department's annual Latin American regional narcotics conference was held in this country. It was also the first time that treatment and rehabilitation of drug users has been discussed by high-level officials with field agents, though the paradox of antinarcotic law enforcement—to wit, that if recreational drug use was

legal, drug abuse would be considered a minor personal eccentricity infinitely less damaging to public health than alcoholism—was necessarily ignored.

The keynote address to the assembled narcs, including police officials from California, Texas and Florida as well as 90 field agents from throughout Latin America and the Caribbean, was given by Mexican narc Fernando Maexa, who reported at great length on the Mexican government's extensive antidrug campaign. In passing, Maexa admitted that the campaign had had few successes.

Maexa was then upstaged by Pepper, the Customs mascot whose demonstration of pot sniffing and coke snorting was greeted with enthusiastic applause.



The corner of calle 32 and carrera 5, Bogota's drug center.

Record Coke Bust Nets 530 Kilos

ANTIOQUIA, COLOMBIA—The biggest cocaine bust in history took place here recently when Colombian narcotics agents downed a DC-3 transport plane carrying 530 kilos of 100-percent pure cocaine. The cocaine was scheduled to arrive at a small farmhouse outside of town, where it was to be broken down into smaller lots and shipped north, according to sources here.

Using three U.S.-supplied helicopters, narcs spotted the transport preparing to land on the farm's dirt airstrip. Seeing the narc choppers coming at them, the coke pilots

tried to veer off but were soon forced to land. The downed plane was immediately surrounded by army and navy troops called into the area by the Justice Ministry.

Alleged cocaine kingpins Guillermo Bonilla, who piloted the plane, Ben Toro and Jose Joaquin Garcia were arrested. Also taken into custody was farm owner Jamie Cardona Vargas. A shroud of mystery still surrounds the 530-kilo bust, as Colombian officials have refused to reveal how they knew the allegedly "protected" shipment was to land here.



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Pot-Futures Man to Start TV Ads

by Mark Thellmann

ATLANTA—Paul Cornwell, the mastermind behind International Marijuana Wholesalers and Distributors (IMWD), has begun producing a series of television commercials aimed at selling marijuana futures to be cashed in when legalization happens. Cornwell, who formulated his IMWD futures in 1973, has sold some 3,000 \$1 joint certificates, 800 \$5 ounce certificates and 15 \$50 pound certificates throughout the country. He has recently drafted a \$25,000 ton certificate payable on the day legalization opens up the free market system to marijuana.

"All IMWD certificates are numbered and registered," said the 26-year-old Cornwell. "They offer goods upon repeal of present prohibition, void where prohibited by law, and



state and federal taxes not included." Cornwell guarantees delivery, claiming he has good contacts outside the country who will be glad to supply

marijuana when it is legalized.

In a media effort to appeal to the over 25 million marijuana smokers in the U.S., the former University of Georgia fine-arts student contracted Synapse Films to tape three

marijuana TV commercials. In one of the spots Cornwell plays the part of a street dealer who turns to the camera after making an ounce sale in a dimly lit alley and says, "Yeah, I'm selling pot, but these guys from IMWD are trying to take me off the streets. They're selling marijuana futures on parchment certificates upon repeal of the present prohibition. They want to legalize it."

Cornwell is serious about taking marijuana off the street, away from the black market that does an annual reefer business estimated as high as \$5 billion.

Clean-shaven and clad in a three-piece business suit, Cornwell opens the third pot commercial in an office lobby setting, telling the camera that 25 million Americans smoke pot. "And they are all out-laws."

Cornwell's next step is getting the IMWD commercials on the air. He and other members of IMWD are presently negotiating with privately owned television stations and national cable-TV networks to air the advertisements.

Feds Back Blacklist, Lawyers Charge

by Chip Berlet

Information detailing the activities of a covert right-wing intelligence-gathering network that feeds data to federal police and drug agencies continues to surface, as two federal lawsuits against the alleged ring-leaders move forward.

The lawsuits, filed on behalf of the Institute for Policy Studies and the National Lawyers Guild (both targets of the surveillance), pinpoint John and Sheila Rees as the coordinators who compiled information on suspected liberal and radical groups gathered by a network of infiltrator-informants.

The data and analysis is published in Information Digest, a blacklist and smear-sheet the couple still produces in Baltimore. John is currently posing as a reporter or priest to gather information, while Sheila works for ultraconservative Congressman Larry McDonald, a member of the John Birch Society's national council.

According to the Guild Investigative Group, which is providing research for the lawsuits, the Reeses and Information Digest have also been linked to a massive surveillance campaign by the Georgia Power Company against a local consumer activist group and to the U.S. Labor Party.

The Labor Party used Informa-

tion Digest as an intelligence source to convince the New Hampshire State Police that the nonviolent Clamshell Alliance would use their protest against the construction of the Seabrook Nuclear Power Plant as "a cover for terrorist activity." Besides supplying the newsletter to the Labor Party, John Rees has admitted in a pretrial deposition that 100 to 105 Information Digests are circulated to private individuals and government agencies, including the DEA, Customs, the FBI, the Secret Service and others.

A *High Times* photographer was assaulted by a man accompanying Mr. Rees while obtaining an exclusive photograph of the right-wing spy following one deposition.

At that session, Rees admitted supplying information to Congressman McDonald through former House Internal Securities Committee (HISC) staffer Herbert Romerstein, who now describes himself as an "investigator" for McDonald.

HISC, like its predecessor, the House Un-American Activities Committee, was disbanded by Congress after they continuously abused the constitutional rights of U.S. citizens by staging witch hunts against suspected radicals and communists in government and private industry.



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Justice Dept. Leaks Support for Decrim

by Stuart Levitan

WASHINGTON—The Carter Justice Department has given a key Congressional committee leader a detailed explanation of why it supports the NORML-sponsored marijuana decriminalization bill.

"Marihuana intoxication probably does not pose an immediate substantial threat to the individual user," Assistant Attorney General Patricia Wald wrote Representative Harley Staggers, chairperson of the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. The Koch decrim bill is currently languishing in a subcommittee of this panel, and it is expected that Wald's letter will spur Health Subcommittee chairperson Paul Rogers to action—something he has avoided for the past five years.

In a letter dated September 23, 1977, a copy of which *High Times* has obtained, Wald bemoans the fact that "penalties have resulted in many otherwise law-abiding young people spending time in prison or suffering damage to their careers and ability to enter professions."

"The letter is a good, positive interpretation of the Carter administration position," said Keith Stroup, executive director of NORML. "It's a good endorsement in detail," he said of Wald's conclusion that "it is our firm judgment that the present simple possession statute... fixes too harsh a penalty

and should be amended."

Stroup did object, however, to one aspect of the Wald letter—the position that it "seems inconsistent" to prevent confiscation of under one ounce of pot found in a private place, a provision included in the Koch bill.

"We seriously question the propriety of this portion of the bill," she wrote, adding that "if marihuana is not to be subject to seizure, difficult evidentiary problems will arise when an offender chooses to challenge in court his arrest."

Wald also suggests that decrim not apply to the nonprofit transfer of pot to persons under 18 years of age by a person five years or more older, excepting members of the recipient's immediate family. "This would reach attempts by adult purveyors of marihuana to establish a clientele among school children," she writes, "by first distributing free samples among them."

"We have no objection to increasing the penalties for selling to minors," Stroup commented, "and quite honestly, as long as there's that five-year provision, this does not disturb me."

Wald, whom Stroup described as "a lovely, aware woman," also makes some suggestions for technical changes in the bill, and concludes by saying "the Department of Justice recommends enactment of this legislation if amended as suggested above."

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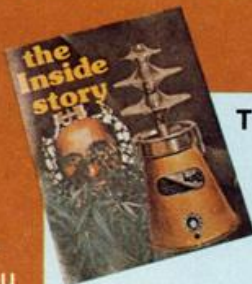
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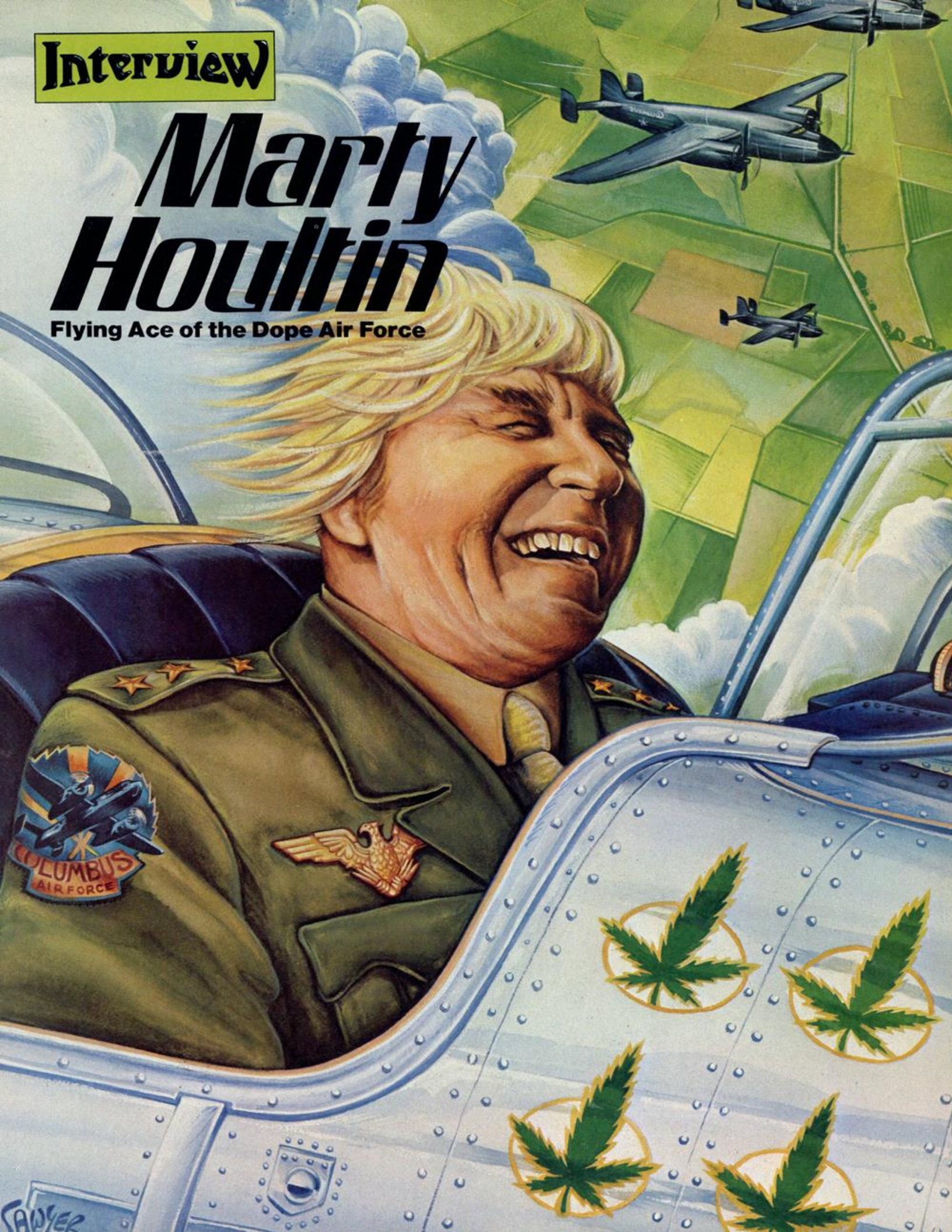
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Interview

Marty Houlton

Flying Ace of the Dope Air Force



Before he was finally arrested and convicted to ten years in prison three years ago (the sentence was subsequently overturned by an appeals court), Marty Houlton made enough money flying marijuana to pay for the string of airplanes he owned and to cover his lease on the somewhat grandiloquently named Columbus Municipal Airport (New Mexico) and the improvements he made on it.

Marty, now 55, joined the Army Air Corps during World War II, ending up as a bomber pilot in the Aleutians. When the war ended, he made his way to Alaska and a job as a bush pilot for Standard Oil. Later he lived in Las Vegas, where a series of flying scams eventually brought him to smuggling. In 1968, he transferred his operation to Columbus, New Mexico, a town made famous as the site of Pancho Villa's 1916 border raid.

His organization, called "The Columbus Airforce," was exasperating to the feds who tried for so long to do something about it. At first his planes were rented, and the loads he carried were small. By the time of his arrest, he had about 20 aircraft and nearly 100 pilots at his disposal, running a ton or more of grass up from Mexico about four times a month. His customers, as many as eight different big-time distributors, financed the loads and arranged for the deliveries to the pickup sites. Eventually, his dope found its way to street dealers in as many as five different states.

Catching him obviously wasn't easy. "Operation Skynight," as the special "get Marty Houlton" program was called, was funded with a \$2-million Drug Enforcement Administration appropriation. Wiretaps, which were later held by a court to be improper and illegal, and 24-hour surveillance were at the heart of the plan, but even then it took six airplanes, two helicopters, infrared tracking equipment, 46 lawmen from all over the country and an air chase back from Mexico to nab him.

During his talks with High Times, Marty reminisced about his 22-year career as America's most notorious smuggler. The resulting interview is the most comprehensive and authoritative account of how this profitable, romantic and extremely dangerous occupation actually operates.

High Times: Marty, as one of America's oldest and most experienced marijuana pilots, how do you see smugglers operating in the future?

Houlton: With a lot more mobility, a lot more versatility, a lot more improvising on the spot. Permanent airstrips are out, for example. You can't keep coming back to the same private ranch strip or the same dry lake bed. You've got to keep moving from place to place, making fast pickups and deliveries, getting in and out in a hurry. You've got to understand that hanging around is not conducive to a long

life of freedom or to death by natural causes.

High Times: There's increasing evidence that marijuana smugglers are using bigger and bigger aircraft, carrying bigger and bigger payloads. Do you think this trend will continue?

Houlton: Exactly the opposite. I'm convinced that smugglers will go back to smaller, single-engine aircraft carrying much smaller loads. I just can't see a future for the big, prop-driven airliners and World War II bombing planes that some of the guys have been using lately. They cause too much commotion where they fly down to the growing areas, too much commotion on radar coming back, too much commotion when they land to drop their loads.

I know there are lots of smugglers who don't agree with me. There are guys who say, "The trick is to put together one big load, do one big deal and then sit back and relax for six months." But the real trick is not to get caught, and a guy in a big airplane is just asking for trouble. The DEA is focusing all their talents on the big, big busts... and that means big, big airplanes.

But while the DEA is out looking for the

**"While the DEA
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big guys, the little guys are going to nickel and dime them to death. The distributors are going to take deliveries from one plane on Monday, another on Tuesday, another on Saturday, each coming from a different pickup site and each flying to a different drop zone. Sure, the loads will be small, but believe me, you can make one helluva bunch of money flying 500 or 1,000 pounds of grass two or three times a week.

High Times: Another alternative is to give up the idea of airplanes entirely. Given the difficulties, why won't smugglers go back to cars and campers, or maybe get more into ocean-going boats?

Houlton: Cars and campers are mainly for amateurs. You can't run a business contending with dogs and sensing equipment all the time. Boats have always intrigued me, but the fact is that they're too damned slow. The trip takes too long, you're exposed to detection too long. Airplanes are still the hardest kind of vehicle to spot and to track; they can fly practically anywhere you want them to, land and take off practically anywhere as well. Add these advantages to their speed and range, and I think you'll see that, if anything, airplanes are going to be all the

more important in the years to come.

High Times: What in your opinion is the ultimate smugglers' airplane?

Houlton: The new turbo-charged Cessna 210 has all the others beat. It's a single-engine, high wing airplane with a cruise speed of about 200 miles an hour, a 1,000-mile range and a cargo capacity of about three-quarters of a ton. It's an all-tubular construction, with a completely flat floor, no humps, nothing to interfere with your load. And the landing gear moves backward and forward under heavy landing shock, which is a lot sturdier than other designs. With turbo-charging, you can take off under virtually any altitude and temperature conditions. The only disadvantage is the price—Cessna is asking about \$90,000 for them!

High Times: What other changes do you forecast about the way that grass loads will be flown in the future?

Houlton: Smuggling has its trends just like everything else. At first, everything went during the day, and most of the landing drops were made at airports. Then it went to landings on highways and then on smaller highways and on county roads and such. By 1971, everything was going at night, and the landings were made on dry lake beds and pipeline roads in the middle of the desert. Now it's becoming a mixture, with day flights and night flights, big planes and little planes, landings in rough areas and landings in areas that are pieces of cake. Eventually, though, it will come to no landings at all—to airdrops—where a guy comes in over a drop zone just like he was out on a joy ride, never changing direction or air-speed, and then kicks out his load and keeps on going.

High Times: Sounds fine, but how are your ground people going to be able to find it?

Houlton: Oil and natural gas pipeline roads. They've got them all over the deserts out west. They run in a straight line for miles; it's easy to follow one looking perfectly natural, as if you were just using it to navigate. They're all mapped and charted, so it's easy to pick an accessible spot for the pickup. At the same time, they're usually far away from inhabited areas, so there's little chance that some bystander could spot you doing it. Properly camouflaged, the load could sit out there for days before anyone would even have to come after it.

High Times: What about the load? How will it survive being kicked out of a flying airplane?

Houlton: There are several possibilities. One is a new kind of heavy nylon bag, the kind that some commercial laundries are using now. It's actually made of a nylon web, and it's extremely tough.

I'll tell you how we proved it. We took a few of these bags and filled each of them with 50 pounds of different-sized rocks with all kinds of sharp edges on them. Then we came over doing 100 miles an

hour, which is a lot faster than we'd do it on an actual smuggling flight, and threw them out of the airplane onto a cement road. They hit and the bags never tore. We tried it several times, not only on cement roads, but on dirt roads. We did it in the desert, where the mesquite branches might tear them up. The most damage we made was a hole or two, nothing big enough to scatter a load of grass.

Then there are new boxes made of vulcanized tape that're used to ship heavy machinery. They're so strong, you can't even staple them shut; you have to fuse them with a hot iron or something. I can't mention the name of the manufacturer because I happen to know of people who plan to be using them, but I think the DEA is going to be hearing a lot more about them as time goes by.

High Times: What you're describing, of course, is a highly sophisticated, ongoing business. I think the image most laymen have is a bunch of freewheeling pilots, hanging around their local airports, running loads when the spirit moves them.

Houltin: No way. When you're handling weekly or semiweekly deliveries from Mexico or wherever to three to five different states—which is about average for a decent-sized operation—you're working almost all the time. You're working whether you're actually flying or not.

A pilot can't depend on someone else's word for it; he's got to check everything out for himself. The pilots are usually responsible for arranging the delivery sites. They have to pick them, know exactly where they are located, how hard they might be to get in and out of, whether or not there are any special problems, such as a poor landing surface or power lines or a million other things. They also have to know the places where they make their pickups, whether or not they'll need ground support people or guards, whether or not they'll need a fuel stash along the way. You can't go in cold and expect everything to be satisfactory. If a place hasn't been used for a month, it has to be checked over again. Things can change. You can have rain, flooding, erosion, a whole bunch of things.

And you always have to worry about security. You have to be sure that the law hasn't found out about the place. Some dealers will hold the pilots personally responsible for any bust within a hundred miles of the delivery site.

High Times: How many hours a week do you spend in the air?

Houltin: I would say that I average anywhere from 20 to 25 hours a week, which puts it in the same category as a commercial charter operation. And that doesn't include the time spent working on the ground, making arrangements, taking care of the airplane, lining up deals and such.

High Times: Is it ever boring?

Houltin: Fuck, no! You can do it for 150 years, and it would still be as thrilling as it was the first time. It's an eerie feeling, it

really is. The planning, the intrigue, the meetings, everything connected with it. There's the anticipation and the sweating out of the front money—usually about half is up front—and then you have the actual situation and the sweating out of the rest of the money. Then maybe you'll be involved in a currency transfer, which is an entirely different matter.

The actual flying is fantastic. You're never completely relaxed. Things keep running through your mind: "Am I going to blow a tire on takeoff? Am I going to crash? Where do I land this son of a bitch if the engine quits? What would I do with the load? Would I burn it? Would I bury it? What if somebody's chasing me? What if they've busted my delivery site?" You're always going from one extreme to the other, from thinking that the worst will happen to thinking that nothing at all will happen. You might have all sorts of experience, you might know how to land and take off at night with your lights off, you might be able to land over power lines, fly on the deck, the whole bit. No sweat, you're completely relaxed. But now put a load of grass in your plane and it's a whole different story.

**"One of our
guys spotted a
government transmitter...
the damned thing
was pinpointing
our location
to the narcs!"**

The pressure doesn't let up until you're back at your airport and away from your airplane. We always felt that if we got this far, we were home free, which is pretty much the case.

Then you feel exuberant. Your adrenaline's really going. You did it again. You pulled it off. It's something you never get over, something that never gets stale.

High Times: It certainly doesn't seem like the sort of thing that an average pilot would be able to handle.

Houltin: Particularly if you're planning to fly all the way down to the growing areas. The airstrips in the Sierra Madres are something to behold. There isn't one of them that's longer than 1,000 feet; so you'd better have some pretty fair training as a bush pilot. Not only that, but you'd better know a lot about mountain flying. You've got terrific downdrafts coming over the peaks, tremendous winds going into the landing areas. And if you manage to come through okay, you might have to deal with a two-stage landing strip.

A two-stage landing strip is one with about 400 feet running slightly uphill and another 400 feet running damned near vertical. You touch down on the first stage, and by the time you've rolled to the

second stage, you're slowed down enough to stop yourself and turn around. It's a way to put an 800-foot landing strip right on a mountainside, and, man, flying into one of those things is just like flying into a ski jump.

High Times: Is it always necessary to fly all the way into the growing areas?

Houltin: No. Lately, there are Mexican pilots ferrying the loads closer to the border.

As far as the smugglers are concerned, it's a lot more convenient. It eliminates your fueling problems, because now you're only flying about 100 miles below the border. You're able to go into landing areas that are a lot safer, that you can control completely, with your own ground support people, your own guards. The grass is coming to you rather than you're going to the grass, and it often means a difference of quite a few hours in flying time.

But you still have to know what you're doing. Once we watched a guy coming in with a single-engine Beechcraft Bonanza behind a DC-9 at Las Vegas Airport. He misjudged the wake turbulence of the jet, and it caught one of his wings and rolled him completely upside down. He just kept rolling until he rolled it rightside up again and landed. Later, we found out that he was an ex-Marine pilot who had done a whole bunch of rolls in the service.

The most important thing is to know your airplane, know how it handles under all sorts of flying conditions and with all kinds of weight loads. You have to find out what it can do under maximum stress. There's a lot to learn about landings on dry lake beds. Some of them are harder than asphalt; others are softer than mud. A rainfall can turn a hard one soft in minutes. Usually you can tell by the cracks on the surface: if they tend to curve downward, it means that the water has run off and the bed is pretty hard and safe. But if the cracks tend to curve upward, forming little saucerlike patches on the surface, there's probably water and soft sand underneath, and it's treacherous.

The only way to be sure is to fly in and hit it with your wheels first. The main thing is to see what it feels like before your airplane gets so slow that you can't get it off again. You come in with a nose-high attitude and touch down on your main gear. If you feel you're rolling clean you're OK. But if you get a sensation of roughness, a feeling that you're slowing down too fast or that you're sinking in, then you have to hit your flaps and firewall it out of there.

High Times: What about terrain flying to avoid radar?

Houltin: Flying on the deck is just a matter of doing it hour after hour. You'd be surprised how you can get to be very comfortable going 200 miles an hour only ten feet off the ground, so low that you can hear the buffeting of your prop on the ground.

High Times: What sort of advice would you offer to someone who is just starting out, or thinking about starting out, in the business?

Houltin: Never underestimate the Drug Enforcement Administration. They're very good at their job, and remember, they're playing the game for keeps. It's not like "three strikes and you're out"; it's one strike and you're out. If the Man is going to throw you a curve ball, he isn't going to give you a second chance to swing at it. He's got plenty of money, plenty of equipment, plenty of informants, plenty of agents to nail you.

High Times: Does a grass smuggler have to assume that the DEA is on to him?

Houltin: They probably are or soon will be. Once we were involved in a situation where we rented a truck and a U-Haul trailer for a delivery. But halfway into the thing the truck developed transmission problems, and we had to unhook the U-Haul and attach it to another truck. So one of the guys climbed under with a hammer to get the clamp loose, and while he was there banging away, he happened to look up and spot a government transmitter no more than three inches long, about half an inch wide, maybe three-quarters of an inch high, fastened under the truck bumper with a magnet. The damned thing was sending out a directional signal, pinpointing our exact location to a surveillance team.

High Times: What did you do about it?

Houltin: Same thing we usually did... slapped it onto a decoy car and headed off in an entirely different direction. Hell, once they got into a hangar and did the same thing to one of our airplanes. When we found it, they had the audacity to ask for it back!

High Times: What else are they up to in technology?

Houltin: Radio direction finders. They've got 360-degree scanning equipment that can lock onto your aircraft radio transmissions and locate your position in seconds. Any transmission, whether you're talking plain or just popping your mike button in code, whether you're communicating with your ground support people at a drop site or with another smuggling plane along the way. Not only that, but they can home in on the people you're transmitting to. Today you have to have complete radio silence. Radios are absolutely out. You've got to use flashlights or some other prearranged signal, like flying over your drop point and "burping" your engine once or twice. On the ground, they'll flick a parking light on a car, real fast, just to let you know if you're clear to land or not.

High Times: I gather, though, that radar coverage is still rather poor. Supposedly there are blind spots along the border and in many other places, where mountains block the signals or where radar just doesn't exist.

Houltin: Bullshit! There are weather

radar stations everywhere, and today they've got filter systems they can drop in that instantly convert a weather radar screen into a surveillance screen. One minute they're looking at a thunderstorm or, a squall line, and the next minute they're looking at you. They've added a lot of new surveillance stations as well, and we've watched them being built. They have stations in cities like Albuquerque and Tucson where a single operator can monitor everything moving in three different states.

Not that the system is foolproof, of course. A good pilot will know from his navigation charts the locations of most of the stations he's likely to encounter during a flight. He'll also make it his business to know where the DEA or Customs has its planes based and how long it should take them to make an intercept if he's been spotted on a screen.

High Times: I suppose you could also run decoy flights.

Houltin: There's a lot of that done, and it really irritates them. There was a time when you could run the feds clear out of a monthly budget just by sending off two or three airplanes at a time, each heading in a

**"You've got to play
fair and square.
If you say you're
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different direction, some with loads and some flying empty, playing hide-and-seek with them.

High Times: It sounds pretty expensive.

Houltin: It is, and it's going to become even more expensive. It's inflation, just like with everything else. You send a ground crew of three people out, and it costs you \$1,000 a man. Send them out on a decoy run and it will still cost you half of that, or \$1,500 for the night. But it's got to be done.

High Times: There are a lot of tales about violence and guns down in Mexico. Is there any truth to them? Is it really as bad as some people believe?

Houltin: Sure, there are killings down there. People get shot all the time. The Mexicans respect the authority of a gun.

High Times: Did you ever carry a gun?

Houltin: Never to fight Mexicans or law enforcement people. If you're going to aim a gun at someone, you'd damned well be ready to use it, because the guy aiming one back at you isn't going to sit there and wait to find out your intentions. The only thing we'd ever carry would be something like a shotgun, so we could kill a jackrabbit or what have you in case we went down in the middle of one of their

damned deserts. But outside of that, the thought of guns never entered our minds.

High Times: How do you avoid trouble with Mexicans?

Houltin: Don't cheat. God, don't ever cheat. If you say you're going to do something, you do it. Down near Culiacán they found the bodies of three Americans—one was a woman, by the way—left in this old Chevrolet. It turned out they were scamming the Mexicans, taking merchandise on consignment and then not getting around to paying for it until they were pretty well in debt. They tried it once too often and ended up getting killed for it. They all pack guns down there, that's for sure.

And if they don't kill you, they'll take hostages. Once I was involved in a situation where a grower hadn't been paid. He had fronted a load, and the distributor up north hadn't gotten around to paying for it on time. So the grower sent an agent up to find the pilots that had flown it. He convinced them that he had a private deal going and lured them down to Mexico again. When they got there, there were guns all over the place. Then the grower sent word to the distributor that "We've got your airplane and we've got your pilots, and if we don't get our money in 72 hours, we'll blow them away and burn the plane."

I was elected to fly the money in. It added up to \$50,000, which is nothing to sneeze at. The distributor fully intended to pay it, but he took too long getting around to it. As a matter of fact, I've been involved in three different ransom flights. For one of them, we had to send someone to a bank in Las Vegas in the middle of the night to get the money.

The third one really blew my mind. There I am turning final, thinking "three times and you're out" and that kind of crap, with my gear down, my flaps down, the window open, doing 80 miles an hour with a box of money hanging out all ready to drop. And there are all these guys with guns on the ground. Later, one of the hostages told me that I didn't see the half of it. There was another bunch hiding in the trees with submachine guns.

High Times: What's to prevent a distributor from walking away from it? What's to stop him from saying, "Fuck the hostages, do what you want with them"?

Houltin: He could, I guess, but not if he wants to stay in the business. Pilots aren't that easy to come by, and besides, word would get out. It doesn't even have to be the pilots who flew the load—just a pilot or two who are known to the powers that be on both sides of the border. One way or another, they'll get them down to Mexico and hold them in exchange for their money. Like I said, the first rule is never to cheat. You've got to play fair and square. If you say you're going to pay on Thursday, then you damned well better pay on Thursday.

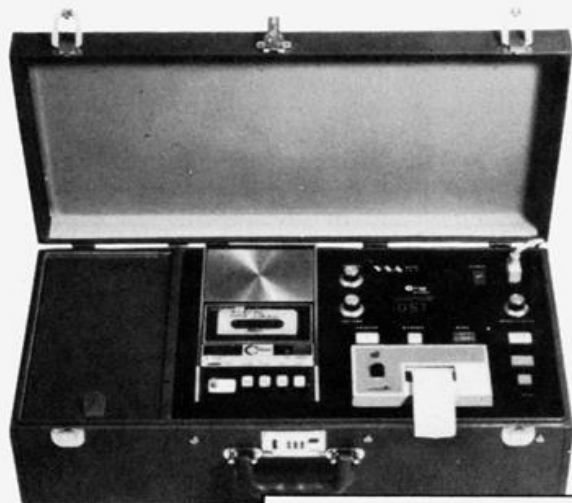
High Times: It's one hell of a way to

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make a living. How did you get into dope smuggling anyway?

Houltin: It's kind of an interesting story; I didn't even know what the stuff was at first. Back in the early Sixties, I had this scam going in Las Vegas where I'd fly swingers on charter flights down to Mazatlán. One weekend I decided to leave them and fly up to the whorehouse district in Culiacán. And while I'm there in this whorehouse, I bump into this guy who turns out to be a pilot himself. We get to talking and one thing leads to another and all of a sudden he says, "Hey, man, how would you like to help me fly this load of grass up to San Francisco?"

Shit, I didn't even know what he was talking about! I had never heard of marijuana before! But he offered me \$2,000 for making the trip, and I figured what the fuck, why not?

So I brought my swingers back to Vegas and headed back down to Mexico again to meet him. He shows up at this airstrip by the dam outside of town in a pickup truck, we throw these sacks of grass on the plane, and off we go.

We get to San Francisco, and he tells me I have to wait for my money. So I take a motel room and two days go by, and I'm beginning to think I've been ripped off. Finally he shows up and he says, "Hey, man, we made out a lot better than I thought we would. Instead of the \$2,000 I promised you, I'm going to pay you \$3,500."

That was more money than I had made in one single scam in my entire life! So we went on like that, making grass runs back and forth for about a month or so. Then I found out what marijuana was, and it scared the shit out of me. I mean, I was really petrified.

So I got out of it and started smuggling candy bars and booze and machinery into Mexico, anything the Mexicans had high import duties on. Then I got involved in smuggling stuff like mercury and silver out of Mexico to beat the country's export restrictions.

Anyway, I was flying a load of Nestlé's cocoa down to a guy—I think it was back in 1964—and he met my plane in the desert. We're sitting there on the wing, just talking about this and that, and he says, "Hey, Marty, how would you like to fly a load of grass back with you?" That's how I got back into it, and it just sort of built from there.

High Times: What are the chances of somebody breaking into the business that way today?

Houltin: Pretty poor, I would say. Say a stranger shows up, and he says, "I can fly a plane real well. I can land anywhere, take off from anywhere." Fine. But look at it from the wholesaler's point of view, from the point of view of the guy who's going to take delivery on a load. He sure as hell isn't going to gamble his money or his freedom on a guy he doesn't know.

I think you'd have to fly down to

Mexico with your own money, make your own connections, fly back with the grass and stash it somewhere. Then you'd have to go to a wholesaler and say, "Look, I have 800 or 1,000 pounds of pot, and I'm selling it for so much money." After he looked the situation over real close, maybe you'd have yourself a deal.

The most you could hope for would be to start out as a tanker pilot, hauling fuel back and forth. And flying gasoline is a lot hairier than flying pot. My brother-in-law was killed that way when a load of fuel shifted on top of him during a landing in Mexico and crushed him against the instrument panel. Or the stuff can explode and burn, taking you and the airplane along with it. A tanker pilot really earns his money, believe me.

High Times: What can a tanker pilot expect to make?

Houltin: Nowadays he makes \$1,000 a trip, which isn't too bad for two or three hours' work. If you do it two or three times a week, you'll end up with \$150,000 to \$200,000 a year.

"The loads might be small, but you can make one hell of a bunch of money flying 500 to 1,000 pounds of grass three times a week."

But as far as starting out as a contract pilot, where a wholesaler hires you as a freight airline to fly his loads and puts out the front money and everything, that's pretty much a thing of the past.

High Times: How is it being handled today?

Houltin: Mainly by big organizations, where the growing, the transportation and the distribution are all handled by the same outfit.

For one thing, the pressure is on down in Mexico. The Mexican government is really cracking down. They're hitting all the growing areas, all the little settlements. And most of the pressure is on the small-time guys, guys that don't have the money to buy their way out. Unless an outfit is big enough to really pay off, they're sure as hell going to be popped. A certain number of little guys will remain, of course, but by and large it's narrowing down to guys who can afford protection.

High Times: Where are they finding their pilots?

Houltin: They're doing it themselves. Most of the wholesalers are young guys today, and I could name dozens of them who have gotten their own pilot licenses

and have three or four hundred hours under their belts. They're damned good at it. Why should they pay a contract pilot \$15,000 to \$20,000 a plane-load, which is about average for any decent-sized load, when they can fly it themselves?

High Times: Isn't there less risk if someone else is flying the stuff?

Houltin: But they're already exposed to risk. They already have the hassles with the growers, with financing and payoffs. They already have the hassles of distributing it to local dealers. They already have the hassle with the Man. All they're adding is the additional hassle of smuggling it across the border.

High Times: Is there any connection between marijuana smugglers and cocaine or heroin smugglers? Are the same people involved with all kinds of dope?

Houltin: There are three different categories of dope smugglers. You have one group that's involved only in marijuana. They don't mess with anything else; all their connections are in the grass business. Then you've got the group that plays cocaine and marijuana together. And then you have a third group that's strictly into hard stuff, heroin and pills. I've never had any contact with anyone who mixed them all together.

High Times: What about mixed loads? Have you ever heard of cases where someone will have a plane-load of grass with, say, a kilo of heroin on board?

Houltin: No, I haven't. I know that people are always talking about this kind of thing, and possibly it happens. But usually, as I said, each kind of smuggler and each kind of dealer sticks pretty much to his own thing.

High Times: With all you know about marijuana smuggling, how did you end up getting arrested yourself?

Houltin: A Customs agent once told me, "Martin, you can smuggle for as long as you want, but sooner or later you'll make one of three mistakes. You'll get lazy, you'll get greedy or you'll start fighting among yourselves."

In our case, it was sheer laziness. Laziness, carelessness and stupidity. I thought about it after our bust and came up with 14 different things we did wrong. We took off in broad daylight for one. Then we failed to land 100 miles or so out to listen and see if we were being followed. We used our damned radios, and we talked too long while we were transmitting. We flew with our navigation lights on after we crossed the border coming back. We failed to abort the flight when we realized there were strange people at the delivery area. We went back to a pickup site that we had used only a few days before. We flew in a three-plane formation when we should have been 50 or 100 miles away from each other.

It seemed like we just didn't care. But on the other hand, as the saying goes, "If you can't do the time, then don't do the crime." ■



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The **Homestead Mushroomkit** enables you to grow bountiful crops of *Psilocybe cubensis* mushrooms in the exact manner utilized by the mushroom industry today. Once you have obtained your pure culture, you will have it for as long as you wish, enabling you to pass it on to others and grow new crops year after year.

Developed by Bob Harris, author of the standard text, **Growing Wild Mushrooms**, the **Homestead Mushroomkit** even includes the book. A ten-page list of instructions, which Bob has written exclusively for buyers of the **Mushroomkit**, guides you through the step-by-step process.

With the **Homestead Mushroomkit**, you will learn the elementary techniques of tissue-culture cloning, as you watch your spores germinate into mycelium. The mycelium is then cultured, and in a few weeks your first mushrooms will be growing in our specially-formulated compost.

Once your mycelial culture is established it can be used for years, much as a bread yeast is stored. It can be easily preserved right in the test tubes provided in the kit, or you can culture it out to produce hundreds of pounds of mushrooms.

The tools supplied — an inoculating loop, agar cutting knife and an alcohol lamp — are reusable for as long as you culture mushrooms. By providing you with twenty sterile petri dishes, we allow you ample room for experimentation and error, as you gain familiarity with the necessary techniques.

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Essentially, the **Homestead Mushroomkit** is a complete home-study course in mushroom growing. As such it requires a certain amount of intelligence and aptitude, similar to that required to brewing your own beer or putting together a science-fair project.

The *Psilocybe cubensis* spores provided in the **Mushroomkit** have been isolated from a single clone from cultivated mushrooms. We are constantly checking our stock of spores to insure freshness and fertility. An incredibly large amount of spores are provided: hundreds of millions according to our microscopic scan.

Once you have successfully cultivated *Psilocybe cubensis* mushrooms, which are considered the easiest to grow, you may wish to try growing some other species. We currently offer spores for *Panaeolus subbalteatus* and *Psilocybe cyanescens*.

The **Homestead Book Company** has been a publisher and distributor of alternative publications since 1972. For those of you who don't mind walking through fields, our latest publication is the **Magical Mushroom Handbook**, a pocket-size field guide to the psychoactive mushrooms.

The **Homestead Mushroomkit**, the spores and books are also available in local stores, and are distributed to the trade by Cannabisco and directly from us.

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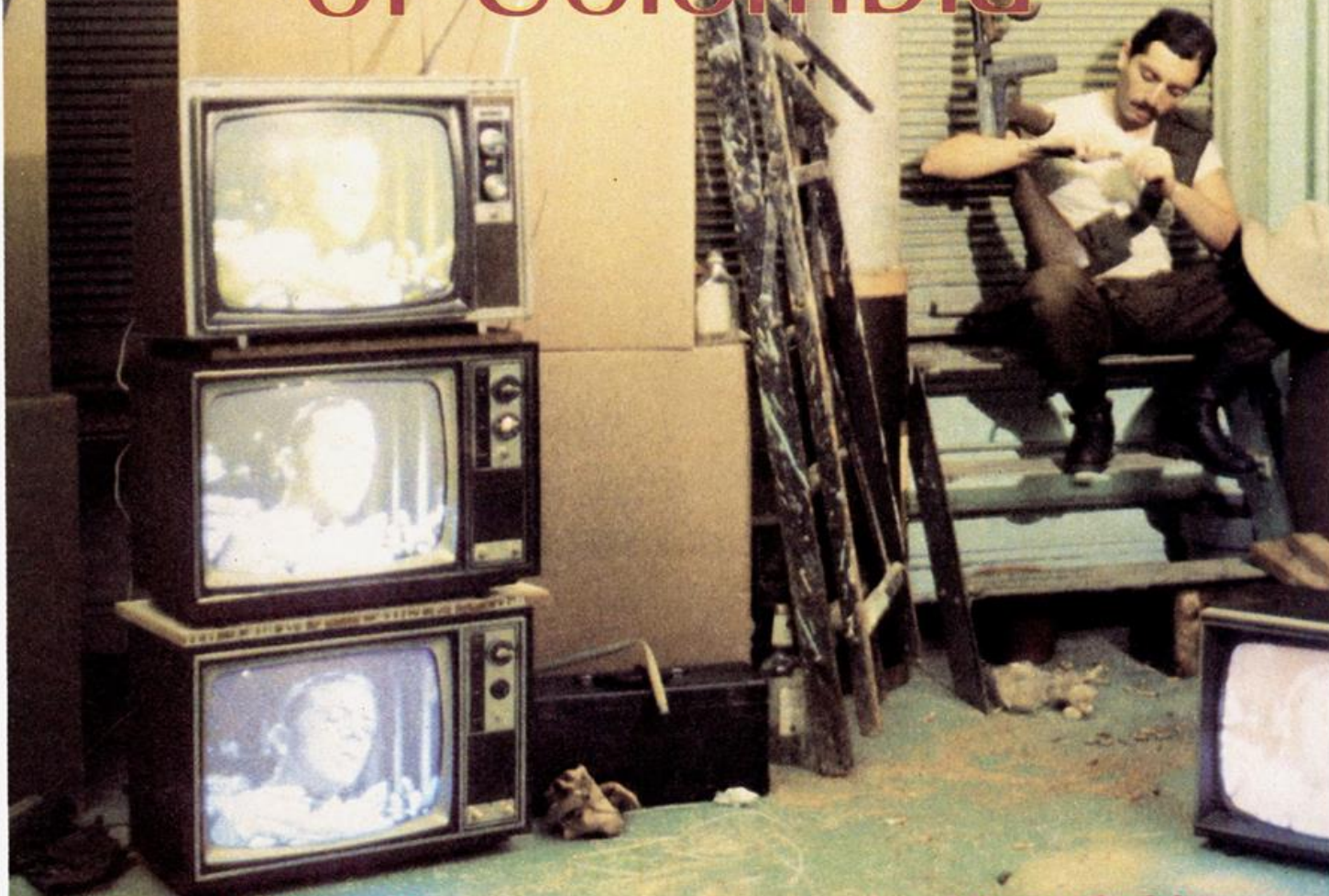
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HOMESTEAD
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Nomad

Outlaw Strongholds of Colombia



Pirates in Paradise

by Albert Goldman

Of all the dope lands of the Western world, none can compare for color, action or legend with the Guajira Peninsula of Colombia. La Guajira is the Wild West and the Klondike of the Dope Game. A territory ruled entirely by outlaws, it is a shattering flashback to the machine-gun-swept Chicago of Prohibition. Such a savage country that the standard working costume is a loincloth and an AR-15 automatic rifle.

The special status enjoyed by the Guajira in the world of smuggling—not just dope, but guns, gold, emeralds, pearls, sugar, coffee, electronic appliances—is explained in the first place by the region's unique geographic location. Thrust out into the Atlantic, like a giant hitchhiker's

thumb, the Guajira is Land's End: a remote and sparsely populated region with a long and indented coastline, including a number of broad bays where ships can anchor close to shore. One side of the peninsula belongs to Colombia, the other to Venezuela; but in practice, both sides belong to the Guajiros, an ancient race of Indians who boast that in all their history they have never once been conquered.

Though smuggling was always a common practice in the Guajira, it does not appear to have deeply affected the Indians' lifestyle till recent times. Papillon lived with a Guajiro pearl-fishing tribe in the Thirties; his account reads like a description of Gauguin's Tahitians. During World War II, the smuggling business

was interrupted by the German U-boats. Then, one day, a canny Guajiro chieftain sat down with a German agent. The result was that fuel-starved submarines with swastikas on their conning towers began to slip into Portete Bay, where near-naked Indians swarmed over their hulls with drums of diesel fuel trucked across the border from Venezuela.

After the war, the Guajiros bought a fleet of old PT boats and resumed the trade in contraband. It was not until the early Seventies—when the DEA and the Jamaican government combined in Operation Buccaneer to shut down the ganja trade on that island—that the Guajiros discovered gold: Santa Marta Gold.

From that moment, Colombia was

As the dope-laden trucks, supervised by the local police, arrive at the waterfront, a big steer turns on a spit over a fire and musicians play guitars and sing of love and jollity.

overrun by a new race of freebooters and pirates: the American dope smugglers. Commencing with suitcases filled with weed and shoved aboard little one-engine planes at Santa Marta's Simon Bolivar Airport, the Game mushroomed overnight until it became the principal industry of the north coast of Colombia, far outstripping the trade in coffee, bananas, cattle or all those commodities combined.

Today, the Guajira is one giant dope plantation. A total of 10,000 families are said to make their living in the Game. These desperately poor herders, farmers and fishermen have suddenly struck it rich. Instead of scratching a bare subsistence out of arid soil or wandering endlessly in search of water or risking their lives in dugout canoes fishing for lobsters, turtles and pearls, the Guajiros have become *marimberos*—dope gangsters.

The farmers have converted their yucca, sesame and banana plots into marijuana plantations. The herders and drovers—who possess an intimate knowledge of the terrain—have become either walkie-talkie-toting lookouts or truck drivers who push their hulking Mercedes along dry riverbeds or upland paths that appear impassable to strangers.

The fishermen are all involved in loading the vessels that hover off the coasts. Even the taxi drivers have developed clandestine trades. Nowadays they are the local Brink's or Wells Fargo: the armed money-delivery service that carries the dope bosses out to the *fincas* (farms), where they pay off in cash. These hack drivers also maintain a spy network to report on the activities of the police, the military and the American dealers.

The upshot of this universal activity is a gold-rush economy that has the peasants lining up outside the bank in Riohacha at four in the morning, waiting patiently to exchange their American dollars for pesos—at a value well below the official exchange rate.

The lifestyle of the ancient Guajiros—most of whom speak only Arawak, an obscure Indian tongue, and adhere to ancient tribal customs like polygamy and blood feuds—has become a bizarre amalgam of the primitive and the futuristic. A Guajiro warrior may still wear his bright-

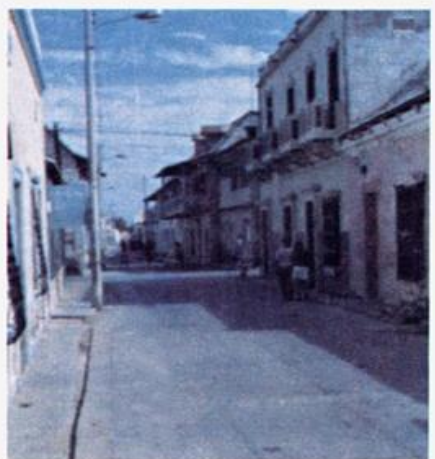
ly colored, mysteriously knotted *tanga*. But when he leaves his thatched, stilted hut, he will slip a nickel-plated .357 Magnum inside his waistband. Getting behind the wheel of a brand new Ford Ranger camper, he will drive his women, dressed in beautifully colored, floral-patterned mu-mus, to do their shopping in the greatest smuggling town in the Western Hemisphere, the real-life counterpart of Mos Eisley in *Star Wars*—Maicao.

Picture now a dusty, congested gridiron of unpaved streets and shoulder-to-shoulder, cast-concrete, whitewashed one- and two-story buildings, dropped onto the wasteland where the new two-lane highway from Riohacha to Maracaibo approaches the Venezuelan border. The town square edges a street that looks like a cross between the main drag in some frontier town in Texas and Orchard Street on the Lower East Side of New York. The sidewalks are lined with stands and pushcarts crammed with shoes, sheets, shaving supplies, records and flamboyantly colored underpants pinned up like huge tropical butterflies. Along the store side is an endless succession of open-fronted shops, with the merchandise inside piled up as it would be in a warehouse.

Amassed inside the concrete hovels of this desert trading post, as in Ali Baba's cave, is an incredible treasure trove of the finest merchandise produced by the most advanced industrial nations in the world. TVs from Japan, cameras from Germany, hi-fi gear from the U.S., Rolex watches from Switzerland, Black Label scotch from Kilmarnock, Chanel perfume from Paris, Bavarian porcelain from Munich—the inventory is endless, the supply inexhaustible. The shock of discovering such chic merchandise in this primitive setting is nothing, however, compared with the jolt you experience when you ask, "How much?" The prices are drastically lower than what they would be in discount-crazy New York. A fifth of Black Label costs \$5, a 19-inch Sony color TV costs \$150, a pound of grass costs \$40, 75-year-old brandy costs \$10 a bottle, an Olympus OM-2 camera with a 1.4 lens costs \$275, a young girl or boy costs \$8 a day. How can they do it? How can they give the stuff away? Baby, the answer is simple. All this merchandise is bootleg, and some is hot!



Photos by Albert Goldman



As city planners, the *contrabandistas* do not deserve good grades. Maicao doesn't have one paved street, the water supply is undependable and every block must be guarded by a tough-looking dude who patrols the sidewalk with his automatic shotgun at the ready. Yet the city does boast a 13-story Holiday Inn-style hotel with a marble-lined lobby and swimming pool on the roof. The Hotel Juan is the ultimate smuggler's hotel in the ultimate smuggler's town. Erected with ill-gotten gains and dedicated to the making of deals and the cutting up of jackpots, this caravansary is as much a monument to the Game as it is a necessary facility.

The dope industry of the Guajira is organized today along the same lines as the garment industry in New York or the cattle business in Tulsa. When a well-connected foreign buyer arrives in Colombia, his shopping trip is conducted just like any out-of-town buyer's trip to any big marketing center.

The buyer is met at the airport by a charming Colombian who speaks English, French, Low Dutch or whatever language the customer uses. Ushered into a late-model white Renault, the buyer is whisked to a towering apartment building in Barranquilla or Santa Marta, where he will not be exposed to the robberies so common in the hotels. (He will also be watched carefully to make sure he doesn't do any business with a rival gang.)

After the buyer's credentials have been checked out and his wishes understood, he will be passed through a series of carefully guarded checkpoints until one afternoon, after a long, tortuous ride over the lunar landscape of the Guajira, he will find himself inside a big canvas-covered lean-to in the wilderness. Inside this dope warehouse, which is guarded by well-armed Indians, will be 30 or 40,000 pounds of marijuana that has been collected from a score of local plantations and laid up for inspection. The buyer opens sacks, examines buds, rolls up grass and smokes it. Gradually, he picks out whatever he wants. Then he gives the order for how it is to be baled.

Until recently the grass in this warehouse would have come from disguised plantings in the Sierra Madre mountains. Today, with world-wide demand for dope

When a big boat is to be loaded with grass in the Guajira, the whole tribe turns out to celebrate the event like a fiesta.

Today, the Guajira is one giant dope plantation.

booming and the Game so highly organized in La Guajira, the old system of surreptitious cultivation is gradually being abandoned.

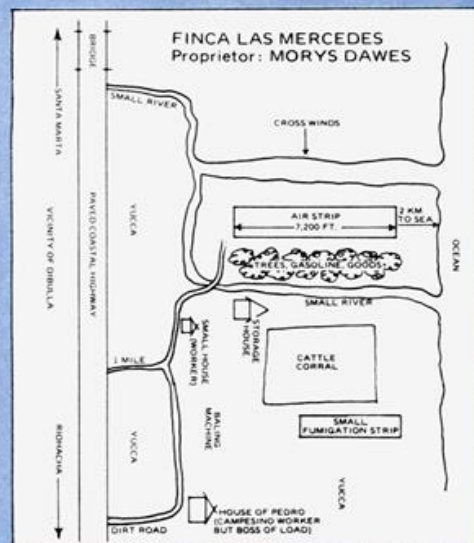
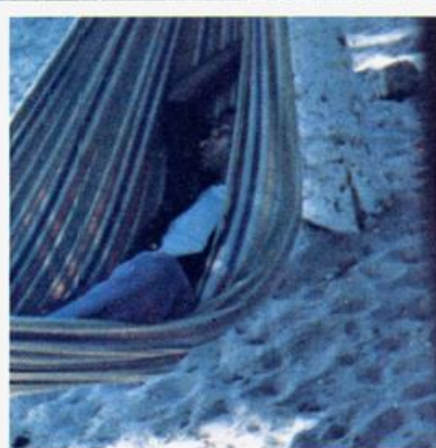
Last summer the biggest marijuana plantation in the world was discovered smack in the middle of the Guajira [High Times, "HighWitness News," September '77]. First reports estimated the size at 1,000 acres and marveled at the scientific technique of cultivation. Laid out with a surveyor's transit and fertilized with chemicals, the acreage spread lush and green across a plain that is normally arable only during the brief rainy season from October to December. The *marimberos* had installed diesel-driven pumps at the Tapias River and were irrigating the area—just as the United Fruit Company taught them to do at the banana plantations in neighboring Magdalena province.

Subsequent investigation revealed that the plantation was far greater than had originally been estimated. As the accompanying map shows, the heart of the Lower Guajira is now one huge dope plantation. When this bust went down, a million pounds of pot was just two months from harvest.

Dope is shipped out of the Guajira both by air and by sea. Because most of the country is a flat desert, an airstrip can be laid down practically anywhere. The ideal spot is along the coast, where a plane can slip in at low altitude and be on the ground before anyone can spot it. Some of these strips receive so many planes a week that they are virtually airports.

The finca Las Mercedes is one of the most notorious airstrips in the Guajira. In December 1975, the police hit this place and caught three planes on the ground. They bore American registration numbers N49868, N4910W and N33CC. With the aid of two Fiat bulldozers, also found on the scene, police opened up some recently covered excavations near the strip. They found buried beneath the red dirt a DC-4 with its engines intact. They also unearthed portions of several other planes that had been burned and buried. All of the planes had damaged landing gear.

In February 1976, at the height of the Colombian smuggling year, with the crop harvested and the planes and ships pouring in and out of the country, the heat





went back again. This time they seized in nearby Dibulla 160,335 pounds of marijuana—till then the largest dope bust on record.

Finca Las Mercedes is still in operation and doing nicely, thank you, despite these recent mishaps. Colombians have a way of patching things up after a bust and going right on with their national industry. A bust in Colombia is like a hurricane somewhere else: it knocks things down, stops business cold for a couple of weeks and kills a few people, but soon life resumes its normal course and all the damage is repaired. After all, what would the cops gain if they really succeeded in discouraging smugglers? Most busts of this sort occur because some wise-ass refuses to pay off.

When a big boat is to be loaded with grass in the Guajira, the whole tribe turns out to celebrate the event like a fiesta. Camped along the shore in their skeletal lean-tos, covered with brightly woven blankets and strung at night with hammocks, the Guajiros organize themselves swiftly and efficiently for their happy task. As the trucks come down to the waterside in a great procession—supervised by the local cops—30 or 40 men will form a human chain and hurl the bales from hand to hand, until they have loaded a fleet of red cayugas or a nice new sport-fisherman down from Cartagena.

While the all-day labor of loading the shrimp boat in the bay goes forward, the women will be bustling about, laughing and shouting, preparing the feast. A big steer will be turning on a spit over a pit of live coals in the sand. A couple of local musicians will be playing their guitars and singing songs of love and jollity. An idyll out of the National Geographic, this is the pretty side of dope prosperity.

The ugly side is the endless series of murders, kidnappings and mysterious disappearances that fill the local press. Here are a few items selected from recent issues:

"Four men from the interior were murdered outside Tigreras three months ago. They were blown up along with the camper in which they were traveling by a volley of grenades. One of the victims was liquidated along with his brothers-in-law

while impersonating FA-2 agents. The men were going about extorting money from marijuana growers."

.... "Three policemen and a civilian were surrounded in Matitas by one of the syndicates. They were killed by machine guns and grenades, mutilated and partially burned. Their bodies were thrown out on the highway not far from Riohacha."

.... "Last Friday at 4 P.M., the police station at Camarones was attacked from a camper. Agent Victor Antonio Robles Insignares was killed."

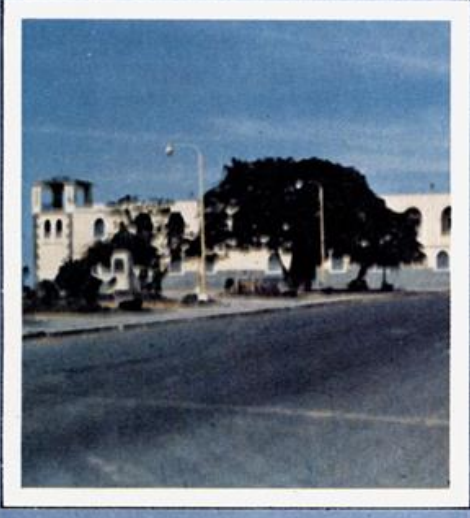
.... "Councilman Juan Blanco was kidnaped shortly before reaching his home in Riohacha. He has not been seen since. Investigators have information indicating that Blanco owed 60,000 pesos [\$2,000] to a syndicate member."

.... "At a cock-fighting ring in Riohacha last week, an unidentified man rushed in carrying a pistol in his hand and shot one of the spectators. The fatally wounded man was carried out while the cocks continued tearing each other apart with their beaks and spurs."

Horrendous as this pattern of criminal behavior appears, it is just the beginning of the troubles in the Guajira. This past fall, the rival clans declared war on each other, and within a couple of weeks a score of dope bosses were bumped off. Some of the biggest names in the Game were rubbed out, including Lucho de Barranquilla: known to American smugglers as "Lukey." Now the central government, under mounting pressure from the U.S. and from law-and-order factions in the interior, is beginning to tool up for a heavy crackdown on the coast. Units of the Colombian army have been dispatched to the area, flights by reconnaissance planes have been instituted and on one recent occasion a smuggling plane was bombed on the ground by a military aircraft. The Guajiros, for their part, have warned the government that they are better armed than the Colombian army and that they are prepared to fight. The road from desperate poverty to relative affluence is a one-way street.

The Guajiros are not going back to lobster fishing and sesame farming. Historically, they have always been warriors. Their glory is to die fighting for their honor. If any Colombian general has the courage of Custer, he will find plenty of Indians on the warpath in La Guajira. ■

Because most of the Guajira country is a flat desert, an airstrip can be laid down practically anywhere. Some of these strips receive so much smuggling traffic every week that they are virtually airports.



Technology

Don't B

Security Begins at Home



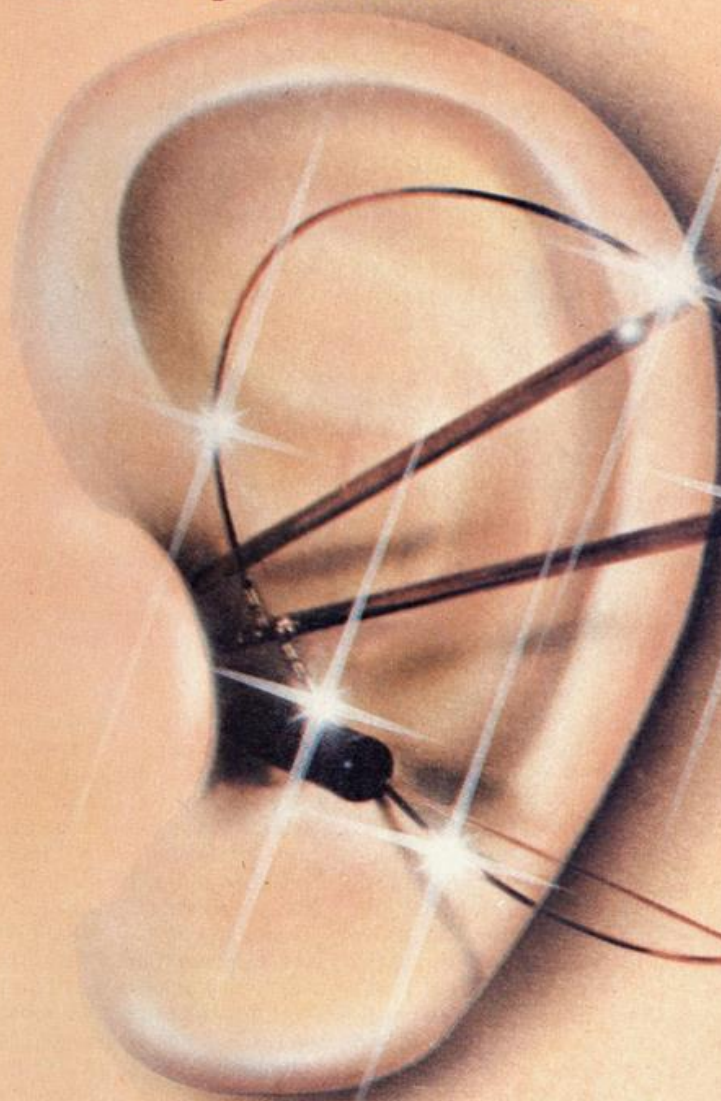
Telephone surveillance is so widespread today that sooner or later you will be tapped. But countersurveillance is so easy that anyone—even you—can have a foolproof security system.

The bugging blitz is not over. Four years of post-Watergate federal restrictions and state probes have not succeeded in squelching the snooping boom. On the contrary, security electronics is now one of the rare industries with a bright future. New integrated circuits from the space race now make building tiny bugs much easier, so 1978's electronic snitch is more powerful, more compact and more villainous than anything Hunt, Liddy, McCord and crew possessed in 1972. In this atmosphere it is becoming reasonable to assume that you will be bugged at least once in your lifetime.

Just who is trying to bug you? To begin with, ever-increasing numbers of suburban police forces receive thousands of dollars from the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA) to purchase equip-

ug Me

by Robert Wilkinson



ment otherwise beyond their budgets. Small-town narcs find it ridiculously easy to con a judge into ordering a legal wiretap; ambitious city "freak squads" keep their files active with taped information, surreptitious and otherwise; the Drug

Enforcement Administration (DEA) is always fishing for dopers; and the FBI wants a file on your politics. Add to that divorce lawyers, creeps and cranks who want a piece of you, and you have good cause to consider counter-measures.

A la *The President's Analyst*, the emerging chief culprit is the phone company. At this writing, Ma Bell's corporate army of "security personnel" numbers around 7,000 strong, many of them former FBI, CIA and Treasury Department agents

dragooned to forge an intelligence system capable of serving up a police state on a platter. They work hand in hand with district attorneys and are often persuaded to turn their backs on illegal taps or are required to verify testimony in favor of the state in important cases. What's more, Bell security agents have been known to intimidate "enemies" of the company and their associates by blatantly messing with their phone systems in order to cripple businesses and livelihoods.

Central Office Tap

Unfortunately, the technology of bugging is not difficult to master. One needs only to have a basic understanding of communications systems, particularly phones, to be successful. The favorite of federal and state buggers working with a court-ordered tap is the central office tap. The phone company, following the court order, attaches a "half-tap" to your line. This is similar to the way an answering service connects to your line. This half-tap is fed into another electronic box and then fed via a separate telephone line to the location of the cops' choice. Every time you make or receive a call, a device at the listening post is activated. Usually, a paper tape begins to roll indicating the date, time and the number you dialed. A tape recorder is also activated to record both sides of the conversation.

If followed, federal guidelines for this technique are strict. They require the agency involved to maintain the tap for a limited number of days. The tap must be specific in who is to be recorded and for what reason. If you are the target, the feds are prohibited from taping anyone else that might wander in. They are not supposed to tape you if it becomes clear that the call you are engaged in does not pertain to their official subject of interest. If an arrest does result, they must also let you know that you were taped.

In the unheard-of event that a local phone company will not cooperate, or the agency desires complete pri-

vacy, there are several other alternatives. Enter the favorite tactics of the covert or illegal eavesdropper. A telephone subscriber's line appears in terminal boxes many, many times before it gets to the main office. Here is where private and police buggers share a technique. It is a relatively easy matter to run an extension or "drop" from your phone at some convenient terminal box between your phone and the switching station. This could be an unused pair of wires in your apartment house going to another apartment.

Another favorite ploy is to run the bugging line down the telephone pole to a van or a concealed tape recorder. The recorder may be manually operated or automatic, allowing the eavesdropper to only visit the device when it is time to change the tape. New thin recording tapes allow as much as 24 hours of conversation to be recorded

or van arouses a lot less suspicion than someone parked in your neighborhood all the time.) Tiny transmitters don't have to be attached to a telephone pole or underground box. If the bugger has access to your pad, it can be installed in the telephone instrument itself. One popular model resembles exactly the microphone in your receiver. It is a parasite type and contains all the electronic components necessary to send your telephone conversations several hundred yards.

Room Mikes

Room bugs are a more complicated problem for the eavesdropper because it almost always involves the covert entry of the target's premises. The most difficult way to bug a room is known as a "hard wire" bug. It simply describes the concealment of a tiny microphone in the target's room or office. This technique also requires

The "quality of service" clause gives phone companies carte blanche for eavesdropping on your calls.

between changes using a standard reel-to-reel tape machine.

Transmitters

Should the illegal bugger (without a court order) draw a blank on a vacant apartment, house or parking space of interest, he or she might employ the transmitter. Basically, there are two types of transmitters capable of intercepting your calls: the parasite and the self-powered. Parasite transmitters receive their name from the way they obtain their power—from the telephone line. Self-powered transmitters use batteries, which must be changed from time to time, depending on the length of the surveillance. Neither transmitter is activated until the telephone is being used.

Once the bug is in place, the bugger needs only to find a good listening spot and connect a tape recorder to a radio receiver. (This too can be automated, so that the tape only runs when the phone is in use. An empty car

a listening post close by—say an apartment or office in the same building. The microphones may be placed anywhere, as they require only the slightest pinhole to collect conversation.

When a hard-wire bug is impossible, or difficult, the telephone is utilized. This is a little trickier but especially popular on office or multi-line telephones. Normally there is an extra wire or two leading to the phone, unless you have a lighted dial. Even with a lighted dial, the Bell folks have a habit of running extra wires for use at some time in the future. A microphone can be easily secreted in the telephone instrument or the little terminal box on the wall.

The telephone is the weakest link in your defenses. Every phone contains two very sensitive microphones. Have you ever noticed how the conversation on the other end is picked up when the person you are talking to leaves the phone for a minute? The microphone and the

earphone in your receiver are both capable of hearing everything in the room. Normally, when your phone is on the hook, these devices are inactive. They are turned off by the "hook switch" when you hang up the phone. This little switch can be wired easily so that it leaves the microphone or earphone on. Then, those pretty colored extra wires become the microphone cable. The eavesdropper attaches an amplifier and tape recorder at a convenient spot down the line, and bingo!

Hidden Transmitters

Hidden transmitters are more popular than wires as a way to bug a room. Most are battery operated and can be affixed very quickly under a table or bookcase using a double-sided tape. Some are as small as a postage stamp and use a very tiny hearing-aid battery, but they are limited to the life of that battery—usually a week at the most.

There are also transmitters that use regular AC power, the most popular being plug replacements that look like ordinary outlets. Concealed inside is a tiny microphone and transmitter that can use the power lines for an antenna. Often the plugs are actually operational and can work for an infinite time. For hurried installations, there are transmitters that look like the plug extenders available in any grocery store that give more access than the normal two-receptacle socket. These can be substituted for existing extenders or plugged in unnoticed behind a couch, bed, dresser, desk or other camouflage.

More elaborate transmitters have been hidden much in the way a hard-wire bug is placed, using either a large battery pack or a power supply that plugs into existing AC current. These transmitters have been known to be switched by a radio control to foil any countermeasure sweeps that might be performed for the target.

Another well-publicized device for listening in is the notorious "harmonica mike." Recently, thousands of these little bugs have flooded the

COUNTERMEASURE EQUIPMENT

High Times Picks 10 Most Important Pieces of Anti-Spy Gear

by Robert Wilkinson

1. Dektor SM-401 Spectrum Monitor

Application: Detection of radio transmitters of all types, including room bugs, telephone transmitters and body recorders.

Source: Dektor Counterintelligence and Security, Inc., 5508 Port Royal Road, Springfield, Virginia 22151
Cost: \$1,600

The little gem fits easily in a briefcase. It operates on its own self-contained Ni-Cad batteries. It is feloniously easy to operate—even for a layperson—right out of the box. It is easily the best buy in a reasonably sophisticated detection device.

2. Dektor Digital Telephone Analyzer

Application: Detection of modifications to telephone instruments and related software.

Source: Dektor Counterintelligence and Security, Inc., 5508 Port Royal Road, Springfield, Virginia 22151
Cost: \$5,000

The DTA is a precision device designed to quickly identify all third-wire techniques for recovering room conversations through a telephone system. It is also a very effective device for finding many other telephone tapping devices.

3. Tektronix 1500 Series TDR Cable Tester

Application: Analysis of telephone lines for abnormalities that could indicate the presence of an electronic device.

Source: Tektronix, Inc., P.O. Box 500, Beaverton, Oregon 97077

Cost: \$3,000–\$5,000 (depending on accessories and model)

The TDR (Time Domain Reflectometer) uses a well-established technique for finding cable faults that could indicate the presence of an eavesdropping device, although these indications must be then verified by a physical search. Tektronix has saved hours and hours of work with this device.



Digital Telephone Analyzer DTA



Aegis Radio Frequency Detector



Lafayette Volt Ohm Meter



Spectrum Monitor SM-401

4. Mason A-2 Countermeasure Receiver

Application: Detection of clandestine transmitters of all types.

Source: F. G. Mason Engineering, P.O. Box 309, Fairfield, Connecticut 06430

Cost: \$7,900 (depending on accessories)

The A-2 is a most sophisticated countermeasure receiver and spectrum monitor. It is more complicated than the Dektor model and designed for the professional or serious individual searching for sophisticated, high-level devices. Anyone can master the A-2, but some electronics background would help.

5. Aegis Radio Frequency Detector

Application: Detection of all types of transmitters.

Source: Aegis Electronics, 1904 Beryl Street, San Diego, California 92109

Cost: \$105

Don't let the price fool you. This little detector is made for the layperson who is not worried about protecting a million-dollar oil field. It performs exceptionally on all medium-level room and tele-

phone taps using a transmitter. If you follow the instructions, you won't be disappointed.

6. Aegis Auto Start

Application: Surveillance of your telephone to record tampering, such as an eavesdropper testing the bug or changing the batteries.

Source: Aegis Electronics, 1904 Beryl Street, San Diego, California 92109

Cost: \$34

This device is a must. It allows you to monitor your line all the time. Anyone using it puts their activities on your cassette recorder. Especially valuable after your telephone line has been cleaned by an expert. Easy to install.

7. Volt Ohm Meter

Application: Testing telephone line voltages, various wires and cables for the presence of electrical continuity.

Source: Lafayette Radio, 111 Jericho Turnpike, Syosset, New York 11791

Cost: \$15–\$300 (depending on model)

The voltmeter is invaluable for testing those suspicious

wires that are strung through your home or office. A little practice, and you will be able to tell thermostats from telephone or intercom lines...or ones that may have microphones connected to them.

8. Telephone Handset

Application: Location of telephone lines in the terminal block or on the pole.

Source: Private telephone supply companies

Cost: \$50

This little dandy can be seen dangling from any telephone worker's belt. It contains a dial and everything your phone has except a bell. It is really handy for finding your particular line and tracing it through your building. For the serious student. For a list of manufacturers, call a private telephone company such as Graybar, etc.

9. Tone Generator

Application: Put it on your phone and then listen for the tone. It aids in tracing lines.

Source: Private telephone supply companies

Cost: \$30

This little black (or white) box will save a lot of time. It can also be used to trace numerous other wires, as long as no AC is present. Some basic skills are needed.

10. Methods of Electronic Surveillance

Application: Best all-around textbook on the subject.

Source: Out of print, but worth searching for. Charles C. Thomas Publishing Co., 301 East Lawrence Avenue, Springfield, Illinois 62703

Cost: \$20

This book is easily understandable by the neophyte. It also contains tons of technical information on surveillance and counter-surveillance techniques. A must for the beginner, a handy reference aid for the technician. Published in 1973, it contains most of the state of the art with the exception of the very latest gadgetry, such as laser beams.

market from Japan. The 'harmonica mike' is attached to the telephone line. The bugger can then call the number from virtually anywhere in the world. When the bugger hears the final switching of the telephone circuit—just a split-second before the phone rings—he or she blows a whistle or keys a tone from a small battery-operated box. The harmonica mike hears the whistle and "answers" the phone before it rings. Instead of saying "hello," the device turns on a microphone that allows the bugger to hear the conversation in the room. Anyone else calling the number just get a busy signal. The first models used a note on a small harmonica as the signal, therefore the name.

There are many other ways to obtain the conversation in a room. Air-conditioning vents and water pipes are also prone to attack. Using a contact microphone similar to those used on musical instruments, a wiretapper can often hear the conversations anywhere along the pipe's path. Suction-cup-equipped microphones have been attached to windows, the glass acting as a perfect resonator for the voices inside. Parabolic reflectors and "shot-gun" microphones are also employed, although their use is limited.

Science has also provided the laser beam. Although still very experimental, the laser can be directed at a window and carry the conversation back as the glass vibrates.

The Phone Company

Between court-ordered and completely illegal eavesdropping falls the *legal* ways your conversation can be invaded. Here the shadow of the phone company lengthens, for the civil-rule books have been written to benefit Bell. Constant rate hikes are minor irritants compared to the vague clause that most area phone companies employ, giving them *carte blanche* for eavesdropping on your calls. It is loosely known as the "quality of service" tariff, and it allows Ma Bell to attach a recording device to your line, ostensibly to make sure your service is up to par.

Thus the Bell Gestapo can roam freely along the lines, finding out which phones are most interesting and amassing data. Bell's most recent advance in security is the "silver box," which catalogs all targeted numbers, stores conversations and can begin taping any call anywhere on orders of the Bell central command.

The Mother Bell clangers also have very liberal rights to monitor your calls out to make sure you aren't using a blue box, black box, green box, tape recording of coins being dropped from a pay phone or any of the other little tricks that deprive them of their toll charges. The mere fact that you called a certain long-distance number is always available to the law via a subpoena.

Body Taps

"Consensual recording" is cop talk for the fact that you or anyone else may tape any

the back or leg. The little recorders are somewhat larger, but not much. There are a multitude of them on the market with recording times of from 30 minutes to more than three hours without changing tapes.

Then there's tailing transmitters. The degree of sophistication employed in these little wonders is nothing to be sneered at. The most popular are manufactured by Globe Universal Sciences in El Paso, Texas. Called the GUS 1010 Vehicle Follower System, they allow the surveillance team to keep track of you for miles. They have been used by Customs, the FBI and a variety of lesser spies and spooks. A court order is now needed for most applications of this device. It resembles a body microphone except that it has strong magnets attached. It can be placed anywhere on your car and send its short revealing beeps to a nearby car, helicopter or airplane.

Multi-line telephone systems can't be tapped as easily as private lines, which are pushovers. The best advice is don't use the phone.

conversation that you are a party to. That means if you want to record a business meeting, a sexual encounter or a deal, if you're into these things, it is perfectly legal. You may do it without the other person knowing it. This is also true of telephone conversations. It is a common misconception that you must have a beep tone on a line if you are going to record a conversation. The police regularly entice informants and undercover agents into the voluntary use of recording equipment to document meetings and transactions. Body recorders and transmitters are the ticket for this purpose. Body transmitters are usually about the size of a package of regular cigarettes, or smaller. Many are powerful enough to transmit two or three miles under ideal conditions. They are effective in moving cars and in buildings. They can be easily concealed on one's person by taping them under an arm, small of

Countermeasures

Taking steps against eavesdropping begins simply enough. Let the fuckers know you're the suspicious type. Ask the phone company if you're being tapped. Don't expect them to admit to their own shenanigans, but they will check your line for abnormalities. If you are the subject of a federally ordered wiretap or a "Title III," as it's called, they will help you get to the bottom of the situation. If they find a tap, regulations provide that they will tell you something like this: "I'm sorry, Mr. Nosecandy, you'll have to call the DEA." Calling your lawyer is the next step to take.

The proliferation of both countermeasure equipment and experts in its use have almost exceeded the production of the bugs. But, sadly, the field is saturated with frauds. This is primarily because the wiretapping and eavesdropping subject is a

very clandestine and mysterious area—an intangible.

Business people, defense attorneys, large and small purveyors of smoke and toot, errant husbands and wives and the rest of the uniformed lay community are easy marks for a smooth-talking "expert" carrying suitcases full of wonderful *Star Wars* gadgetry: flashing lights, bells, sirens, meters, wires, switches and knobs, all effectively packaged. Rates for a countermeasure check of your premises range from \$100 to \$5,000 depending on your area and requirements. Various mail-order companies and individuals offer do-it-yourself equipment at prices from \$20 to \$5,000.

Any bugging is an expensive proposition. It involves expensive equipment and a lot of time. Someone has to listen to every second of tape to score. Multi-line telephone systems can't be tapped as easily as private lines, which are pushovers. The best advice is *don't use the phone*.

The companies manufacturing countermeasure equipment for industry, law enforcement and the government spend almost all of their technology on the telephone instrument itself and the detection of "hook switch" defeat techniques that allow the microphone to gather intelligence. This equipment detects the most sophisticated techniques and thus the most expensive techniques.

A simple solution to a "hot mike" is to merely disconnect the telephone instrument during sensitive conferences. That will accomplish everything that a countermeasure telephone analyzer would on its best day. New modular residential installations allow this to be done very easily. Office phones unplug with the same ease.

Telephone Analyzers

The modern telephone analyzer was the result of a direct order from President Kennedy some years after the Great Seal bug was discovered in the U.S. embassy in Moscow. Fargo Electronics in San Francisco was the first firm to really get involved in supplying the government

(continued on page 85)

The Dope Industry

A Force to Be Reckoned With
by Leslie Morrison



This article is an account of technical innovations in the marijuana importing and distributing industries that have developed over the past decades. Although this information has never before been made public, it is all common knowledge within the marijuana industry, the drug-law-enforcement establishment and the alcohol, tobacco and pharmaceutical companies that have commissioned think-tank studies of contemporary mari-

juana production and sales techniques with a view to cornering the pot market when it becomes legal. Consequently this article contains no information that can be used against anyone involved in the marijuana industry today.

Time was, you wanted to go from, say, New York to San Francisco, you had a couple of possible ways of doing it. You could take a ship around Argentina, which would take about six months. Or you could travel overland by stagecoach or covered wagon, which was less expensive but took longer and was fraught with perils, including plague, famine, drought, severe heat and cold, savage Indians and other pitfalls of the

frontier. By sea or land, six months was the bare minimum for the trip, though expeditions of two years or longer were commonplace.

Today, if you wanted to travel from New York to San Francisco, you'd just hop onto a jet and be there. Beam me up, Scotty. That's progress. And the same thing holds true if you want to smoke a joint. Once, you'd have had to own your own herb garden or make a special trip to Mexico, but today there's a whole industry using the most up-to-date methods to make sure that when you want to smoke some pot, by God, there'll be pot right there waiting for you to smoke it.

Yes, progress has come to modern marijuana, building a vast reefer economy whose role in American life is as crucial as that of the automobile industry, the stock market, the Federal Reserve Board and all the institutions that protect and preserve free enterprise in a free society. Pot is such big business today that we can truly say that what's good for American dope dealers is good for America.

Behind every joint we smoke, just as behind every meal we eat or bar of soap we wash with, there stands a long line of hard-working people. At the beginning of the line there are the growers: the peasants and the plantation owners, the sowers foreign and domestic, the scientific breeders, the industrialized growers and the primitive cultivators of half acres of connoisseur weed from the most ancient heights of the Andes.

It is to the growers and their families we owe the greatest debt, for they live with every pot crop for months on end, risking discovery to permit the harvest to ripen to the rich golden peak American smokers demand. The great growing networks are spread throughout the world: there are the hashish growers of Lebanon and the Hindu Kush, the kif growers of North Africa, the marijuana breeders of Latin America. Together with coffee and rubber their crops rank as leading exports of the Third World.

There's more to growing dope these days than just letting it grow. Highly trained agronomists prepare each season's growing plans. While much seeding is still done by hand, crops are dusted by contract pilots to protect them from cannabis parasites, clouds are seeded to ensure proper rainfall and giant International Harvester tractors bring in the ripened plants for baling and bricking. All of these operations call for skilled workers, and the guard duty that goes on at all times calls for increasingly well-trained, alert and accurate security personnel. Several dozen highly skilled people therefore stand behind your dope before it even leaves the field in which it grows.

And then, to bring the dope to you, enter the smuggler. Actually, there is no one smuggler but a network of smug-

Dope profits do not constitute a "dollar drain," but reenter the economy through investments essential to trade—airplanes, forklift trucks, conveyor belts and tools.

gling-related service industries, from the contrabandist executive elite who masterminds the importing of cannabis to the skippers, pilots, navigators, bagmen, sailors, ball-turret gunners, loading hands, ship's mates, cooks, radiomen, deck hands, mechanics, air-traffic controllers and other specialists they employ. And in addition to calling on the expertise of the import-export industry, the marijuana import industry has created its own specialists—its dope tasters, quality-control experts whose uncanny perceptions enable them to tell Mexican from Colombian as easily as master perfumers distinguish musk from civet.

Indeed, smuggling is so specialized a business today that few smugglers actually deal their own dope directly to consumers. Most simply consign their shipments over to domestic wholesalers and go back for more. The wholesaler in turn sells lots to dealers who may act as wholesalers themselves in a theoretically infinite series of transactions before the dope reaches the ultimate consumer; or he may simply begin peddling nickel bags himself. In most cases, a multiton shipment of dope will provide months of gainful employment for hundreds of small-time dealers. And the dope trade is an equal-opportunity employer. Thousands of women, blacks and Italian-Americans have pulled themselves up by their own bootstraps to become productive citizens by selling or smuggling recreational drugs.

Yes, from the growers to the dealers, thousands of marijuana executives and technicians work year-round to guarantee that the pot we want to smoke is as easy to get hold of as a pack of cigarettes. And, in the past decade, the marijuana industry has come to realize enormous profits. Just consider:

According to the U.S. government, 39 million people have used marijuana. And there are, today, 26 million chronic users, meaning users of one ounce a month, whose annual rate of consumption is 312,000,000 ounces or 19,500,000 pounds or about 10,000 tons a year. Of course, we all know somebody who smokes more than an ounce a month, but let's use the government figures anyway.

Today, 20,000 pounds of marijuana enters the continental United States every day, or about ten tons a day. (Domestically grown dope accounts for the remainder.)

The average wholesale price of a ton of dope—and there is no shortage of buyers with ready cash—is \$600,000, indicating gross sales of \$4,200,000,000 per year at the wholesale level. (Profits from resale, which can involve an indefinite number of transactions and middlepersons before the product reaches the ultimate consumer, cannot be reliably estimated.) In fact, the actual figure is somewhat lower, due to damage and loss of cargoes, the chief cause of which is seizure by authorities or jettisoning during the act of escaping from them.

The federal antinarcotics network claims that one ton out of every ten is seized, thus reducing the annual gross figure to \$3,780,000,000, but many experienced importers feel that this claim is too modest—the actual rate of seizure is more like one ton in every five; the narcotics police deliberately underestimate their efficiency to justify increased appropriations of funds from local and federal legislators. If the one-in-five ratio is correct, gross annual sales would amount to some \$3,360,000,000. Whatever the exact figure, all sources agree that it is in the neighborhood of four billion dollars!

What becomes of these vast profits? To an increasing degree they return to the dope business in the form of capital investments in smuggling technology. Popular accounts of dope-related enterprises these days stress the increasingly industrial character of this supremely people-oriented trade. As any executive can tell you, modern business requires modern methods. Therefore a brief survey of the industrialized paraphernalia required by efficient dope smugglers and dealers is worth undertaking to obtain an understanding of this need.

At the point of origin, modern dope agriculture has been heavily influenced by the techniques of American agribusiness. Large Latin growers are running increasingly industrialized plantations, characterized by the utilization of mechanical irrigation, sowing, harvesting and tending machinery. Behind this lies the laboratory work of botanical pioneers who have worked for years in difficult clandestine surroundings to produce hardy strains of *Cannabis sativa* that yield large crops with highly potent levels of tetrahydrocannabinol (THC). Other researchers have developed complex indoor growing systems that involve "piggyback" planting and computerized artificial light to produce high volume and quality. When harvested, pot crops are stored in humidified structures until they are baled by costly American or British bricking machines and shipped—in Colombia, by the grower—to the point of departure.

This may be a small, more or less temporary airstrip or an equally transient dock where large vessels may receive

At all stages of the dope business cycle, there are two crucial factors, closely linked, that do not figure prominently in normal business practice. These are the questions of finance and security. Finance, in dope dealing, simply means dealing in cash, which in large quantities exposes one to innumerable risks that the average businessman, dealing in credit and bank drafts, simply never needs to consider. This, in addition to the basic fact of illegality, makes security as important to a successful dope transaction as a

This brief survey of the technology of the dope business would be incomplete without stressing that the antidope business is equally dependent upon sophisticated technology, particularly for surveillance, apprehension and violent encounters of the third kind.

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easy to imagine that impressively lucrative sums are earned by the production, import and sale of recreational drugs in Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia, as well as in the northern half of the Western Hemisphere.

The impact of the brisk trading in pot alone upon the American economy can be guessed at—although there are no official business statistics to provide guidance—by applying the knowledge that business practice is more or less standard throughout the noncommunist world. In the first place, one must reject the myth that the business cycle of pot takes money out of the tax process and that it adds to the “dollar drain” by substantial foreign expenditures made in cash.

The unknown but enormous amount of capital that is not “laundered” out of the dope business cycle is plowed back into it, resulting in the proliferation of quasi-formal corporations; giving employment to thousands of individuals and creating thousands of small-time entrepreneurs at the level of the local retailer; supporting small and large farmers at home and abroad; consuming millions of dollars in shipping, transportation, packaging, communications, security, data processing and other types of commercially produced goods and services—whose resulting profits are taxable, though the dope dealer’s income is not.

The public also receives its share of the dope profits in the form of taxes collected from the \$50-million-dollar-a-year dope paraphernalia industry and from the profits, indirectly stimulated by dope, of pop music and other sections of the mass media, as well as from consumer industries affected to a greater or lesser degree by dope, such as “fast foods” and “junk foods” and “health foods.” Taxes accrue, as well, from the dope industry’s foremost fixed cost—legal fees. And, ultimately, while these dope-generated public monies may build schools, bridges, highways, weapons for national defense or a future cure for cancer, a substantial portion of the taxes levied upon the marijuana industry through the businesses it supports, stimulates or employs in a service or supplier capacity return to the economy through the antimarijuana industry: the interlocking network of governmental agencies providing the public with drug-law reinforcement, state-funded antidope research, the courts and prison system, “rehabilitation” programs and other services.

Though the cumulative social, political and economic results of such programs, and the objective scientific value of government-funded dope research that aspires to “prove” the validity of antidope propaganda, are judged *a priori* negative by dope-law reformers and wasteful by most economists, they nevertheless serve as a conduit for public and private expenditure, stimulating consumption by the tens of thousands of men and women it

employs, just as the dope industry proper gives gainful employment to, and consequently stimulates consumption by, its thousands of employees, many of whom would otherwise participate in little economic behavior beyond swelling the welfare rolls.

The antidope industry further stimulates the economy through the employment of private-sector industry in both service and supplier capacities. Thus, in economic terms, the government agencies, the pop music industry and other media stimulated by dope use, along with the trade in marijuana and all other illegal substances—the dope industry as such—constitute a family of dope-related industries and services. And it must be remembered that the entire “family” is actually international in scope, reproduced in most details to a greater or lesser degree upon six continents. Thus, the overhead of the dope industry, which if comparable to standard business overhead (though in fact it is much higher) would take some percentage out of the gross, returns directly to normal econom-

**Just as the Apollo
space program
created a whole
new technology, so
the engineers
of the dope
industry modernized
communications,
transportation and
agricultural techniques.**

ic life where it is taxed and spent to everyone’s benefit by our public-spirited legislators.

The net profits of dope smugglers and dealers reenter the economy almost as directly—nor do foreign growers, the alleged beneficiaries of the “dope-dollar drain,” spend their profits on the moon. To take the latter first, the customary procedure of the Latin American marijuana planter is to take payment in cash. (When marijuana is paid for in armaments or other forms of barter, the items of exchange have generally been manufactured and paid for in the United States or paid to an international middleperson whose laundered profits, as we shall see is the case with most dope profits, tend to return to the United States.)

If the grower is a small landholder, he will spend most of his dope income—and this is the cheapest item on the dope smuggler’s shopping list, usually bought for one-tenth or less of the expected price in the U.S.—on items of American manufacture. If profits exceed what can be

spent locally, Latin growers simply follow their local customs of evading national revenue collectors and export their monies to banks in Switzerland, Lichtenstein or the Cayman Islands. The wise gnomes of Zurich, etc., then reinvest these funds in perfectly legal businesses—and the best of those are still in the United States or are owned or managed by American firms abroad. Thus the profits of foreign marijuana growers, like those earned by Meyer Lansky or the Shah of Iran, return to the service of American enterprise at reasonable rates.

Precisely the same is true of whatever portion of dope profits their owners choose to take out of the business. However, as we shall see, increasingly large amounts are simply returning to the dope business by way of investments in aircraft, shipping and other goods and services provided primarily by legitimate American firms. Other portions of profits return even more speedily to the taxable arena of expenditure when the successful dope smuggler returns from a run—the business is seasonal and subject to the totally unpredictable schedules of wanted criminals—and blows his or her profits on celebration. Smugglers are notorious buyers of expensive cars, private aircraft, pleasure boats, lavish estates, various electronic toys, outlandish stereo outfits and people—dealers often find themselves keeping stables of women, gurus, bodyguards, gofers and attorneys with expensive tastes. The real foreign beneficiaries of dope money, exclusive of bankers, are the producers of Italian sports cars, Beluga caviar and Dom Perignon champagne.

What is the future of the dope economy? That, of course, depends on the reform of marijuana laws—how much and how soon—which cannot be predicted. But one thing is certain—the dope industry is in the vanguard of technological innovation. Just as engineers in the Apollo program created a whole new technology that worked with an efficiency never before dreamed of—creating miniature medical sensors of unprecedented sensitivity, extending the range of communications, developing new electronic parts, new long-life power sources, new alloys, new adhesives, new lubricants, ingenious tools and methods for shaping and joining metals—so the engineers of the dope trade have perfected not only the means of shipping dope to guarantee sealed-in flavor and goodness but a whole range of technological equipment with an impact far beyond the dope field: for instance, “phone phreak” technology that places space-age communications networks in the hands of every citizen, and hydroponic and indoor growing systems that may someday feed the entire world.

And what other wonders will the world of dope enterprise bring? Only tomorrow knows. ■

INDUSTRY ON THE MARCH



In our society, the car is the ultimate status symbol. Some drive a Rolls-Royce, some drive a Chevy pickup. But the ultimate glamour vehicle for smugglers is the forklift truck, because why would you be driving a forklift if you didn't need it to lift 500-pound bales of marijuana?

You heard it here first—and elsewhere since—"There are only two types of dealers: those that don't need a forklift truck and those that do." Today's smuggler doesn't entrust *your* precious smoke to fallible human hands; it's simply good business to employ the most up-to-date equipment there is.





By
TIMOTHY
LEARY

Deal for REAL

The Dealer as Robin Hood

Wisdom well-stated remains valuable long after its author has turned stupid. In the case of Timothy Leary, a legacy remains that is still worth exhuming. In 1968, when Leary was still the High Priest of Acid and not yet a federal informer, he penned an article titled "Deal for Real," setting forth brilliantly the ethics and spiritual rewards of righteous dope dealing. It first appeared in the *East Village Other* and was later collected in the *Underground Press Anthology* (Ace Books, 1972). Ten years later *High Times* reprints it in the spirit in which it was written: filled with love for good-guy dope dealers and the magical gifts they dispense.

There are three groups who are bringing about the great evolution of the new age that we are going through now. They are the dope dealers, the rock musicians and the underground artists and writers.

Of these three heroes, mythic groups, I think the dealers are the most essential and important. In the years to come the television dramas and movies will be making a big thing of the dope dealer of the Sixties. He is going to be the Robin

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Hood, spiritual guerrilla, mysterious agent who will take the place of the cowboy hero or the cops-and-robbers hero. There is nothing really new about this. Throughout human history the shadowy figure of the alchemist, the shaman, the herbalist, the smiling wise man who has the key to turn you on and make you feel good, has always been the center of the religious, aesthetic, revolutionary impulse. I think that this is the noblest of all human professions and certainly would like to urge any creative young person sincerely interested in evolving himself and helping society grow to consider this ancient and honorable profession.

The paradoxical thing about the righteous dealer is that he is selling you the celestial dream. He is very different from any other merchant because the commodity he is peddling is freedom and joy. You expect your car dealer to drive a good car and you want your clothier to be well dressed, so it logically holds that you expect your righteous dope dealer to radiate exactly that joy and freedom that you seek in his product. So therefore the challenge to the dealer is that not only must his product be pure and spiritual but that he himself must reflect the human light that he represents. Therefore never buy dope, never purchase sacrament from a person that hasn't got the qualities you aspire for.

Rosemary and I just came back from a trip to the Middle East. Naturally we spent most of our time with Sufis, cannabis alchemists and magicians. It was of great joy for us to see that the Arab dope dealers that we contacted actually did shine forth as the grooviest people you could find. I recall the night we wandered out into the native quarter and found ourselves in a little bazaar shop in the Souk talking to a dude named Mohamed who had the reputation among the international set as being the finest dealer in town. We walked into Mohamed's shop and immediately realized that we were stepping onto a psychedelic stage.

Beautiful costumes, gold-embroidered vests, dangling, shining jewelry, silver bracelets and whatnot. The room was a retinal orgasm. Mohamed was standing behind his little desk and he himself, in his grooming and dress, was telling you that he was a turned-on cat. He was wearing an outrageous shirt. His hair, instead of being close clipped as most Arabs have it, was in soul-brother natural style and he had a spectacular fluorescent scarf around his neck. I knew that I had seen him in the marketplace earlier, weaving his way through the crowd. You knew right away that here was a magician. Here was a guy who was announcing with his mere presence that he was a flipped-out dealer in some sort of wondrous magic.



**The righteous dealer
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and joy.**



As he sat down, the first thing he did was rummage around in his beautiful leather pouches and start to fill a hash pipe with great skill and dexterity. At the same time he was laying the typical Owsley alchemist rap on us. He was telling us that he was not a businessman but sent by God to turn people on, that his product was not to intoxicate you but to give you what you were looking for—freedom and joy—and that indeed his keef and hashish were the best in the world. He had different varieties that would turn you on to food, turn you on erotically and give you visual and musical enhancement. All this time his eyes were twinkling, and even before partaking of the sacrament you became turned on by the man himself. Your trust in his product is therefore greatly enhanced.

The paradox of the dealer is that he must be pure. He must be straight and he must be radiant. The socio-economics of dealing psychedelic dope is extremely curious. Here we have this enormous, billion-dollar industry going on in the United States, all of which is essentially run by amateurs. I know no one who has dealt psychedelic drugs over a period of months and survived without being busted or being freaked out who wasn't pure.

You have to be pure. You can't be doing it for the money or the power and you can't do it on your own. Most, if not all, righteous dealers work in groups or brotherhoods. This again is the ancient message of the Middle East. The brotherhoods or groups of men who are engaged in this spiritual journey together, which is always, of course, against the law, always have to be illegal and always have to be the object of persecution by Caesar, the sultan or the police.

I have spent a lot of my time in the last eight years looking for turned-on people, holy men, to find out where they were at and to learn from them. I have been in India, Japan, all through the Middle East and Europe. I have talked to the swamis, the rishis, the maharishis, and I can say flatly that the holiest, handsomest, healthiest, horniest, humorest, most saintly group of men that I have met in my life are the righteous dope dealers. They have got to be that way because they have to continue to use their own product. That is one of the interesting psychopharmacological aspects of dope dealing.

A dealer has to know his product. He has to know what these different dopes do to his head, otherwise he doesn't know what he is selling. This means that your righteous dope dealer has to know about the effects of acid, mescaline, DMT, grass and hashish. He has to be able to break off a little lump of Nepalese hash, smell it, chew it and light it up and then decide

whether it is grade A, B or C. He has got to take an acid tab, swallow it and observe on his own detecting instruments whether it is acid, whether it is good acid and roughly what the microgram quantity is. This means that he has got to be a master Sufi.

The dealer has got to be completely accurate, straight spiritual detective. He has got to be free of his own hangups. He can't be riddled with paranoid or he is going to take a puff and scream for the psychiatrist. This means by definition that your righteous dealer must have a pure head and a holy heart. Otherwise he is going to be freaked out by his own product. It was of great interest for Rosemary and me to discover, after ten years in the psychedelic and medicine-man business, that increasingly most of our friends turned out to be dealers, which we now see is not accidental but indeed inevitable.

There is a great deal of hypocrisy throughout all levels of the establishment as well as the underground about the dealer. There are many psychedelic liberals who say: "Well, it's okay for young people to experiment with grass and acid. We don't want to have laws against them, but we should have laws punishing the dealers." Somehow the dealer is in a lower moral or sociological category. *This is plain bunk.*

Let's be straight and honest about it. The 30 million people in the United States who are turned on to psychedelic drugs—any one of them has been a passive collaborator in an illegal act. And every one of the 30 million people who have used grass or acid in this country in the last few years has got to face up to the fact that it was a righteous and courageous person who took great risks to make the acid or smuggle in the cannabis.

Not only does it take courage and dedication but it takes skill. After all, the amateur LSD chemist has to have the know-how to spin the molecules together. He has to have the efficiency and organizational ability to bring together a laboratory in secret and perform a minor chemical miracle. This requires a heavy, together sort of person. I think it is a moral exercise that everyone of the 30 million who are using psychedelic drugs should take a turn at dealing. I think it is almost symbolically necessary that sometime in your spiritual-psychedelic career you do *deal*. Not for the money but simply to pay tribute to this most honorable profession.

I remember talking recently to a group of clear-eyed, smiling, beautiful dealers. They were young men in their twenties, as all dealers have to be young. At that time their life situation was close to perfect. They were living together with their families in nature, and there was no reason for



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them to leave the country on one of these thrilling missions. They were planning another scam. I asked them, "Why are you doing it? You know that at this particular time, with the Nixon administration waging all-out war on turned-on kids with the aid of border guards, secret agents, it's just not a cool time to do it. You have got all the land and dope to center your own lives. Why take the chances?"

They thought for a minute, and their answer was interesting. "We believe that dope is the hope of the human race, it is a way to make people free and happy. We wouldn't feel good just sitting here smoking the dope we have and saving our souls knowing that there are 30 million kids that need dope to center themselves. Our lives have been saved from the plastic nightmare because of dope, and we would feel selfish if we just stayed here in our beautiful utopia. Our brothers and sisters out there should be as liberated and loving as we are." As far as the police network that is being built up against them, they just laughed. "We are smarter and wiser than the FBI, the CIA and the Narcotics Bureau put together. We have to be. We just can't admit defeat just because they have more and more equipment against us."

There was no use for me to argue with that point of view, and then they took off for the Middle East with my blessings.

I think of the most remarkable acid chemists, ones who arranged their laboratories like shrines. They pray constantly while performing their chemical miracle, that the acid they are making will bring freedom and liberation to the people who will take it. Praying that there will be no bad trips and paranoid in the mysterious molecules that they were brewing.

The acid chemist is in a particularly vulnerable position because you can't make acid without being constantly exposed to this powerful molecule. You have to get high. They are floating on 10,000 mikes while performing their magic. They have got to be pure. They have got to be centered to accomplish their technical achievement. I don't know of one successful psychedelic chemist who doesn't have a feeling about how he does it. None who doesn't attempt to purify his mind of negative thinking and who doesn't believe that the acid is influenced by the spiritual and psychic status of those who make it and distribute it.

I don't know one righteous and successful dealer who doesn't. Don't ever buy grass or acid from a dealer who doesn't lay a prayer on you while he takes your money.

It's powerful medicine, it's magic and it has got to be treated that way.

The Last Run

Every smuggler dreams of one last perfect score before retiring

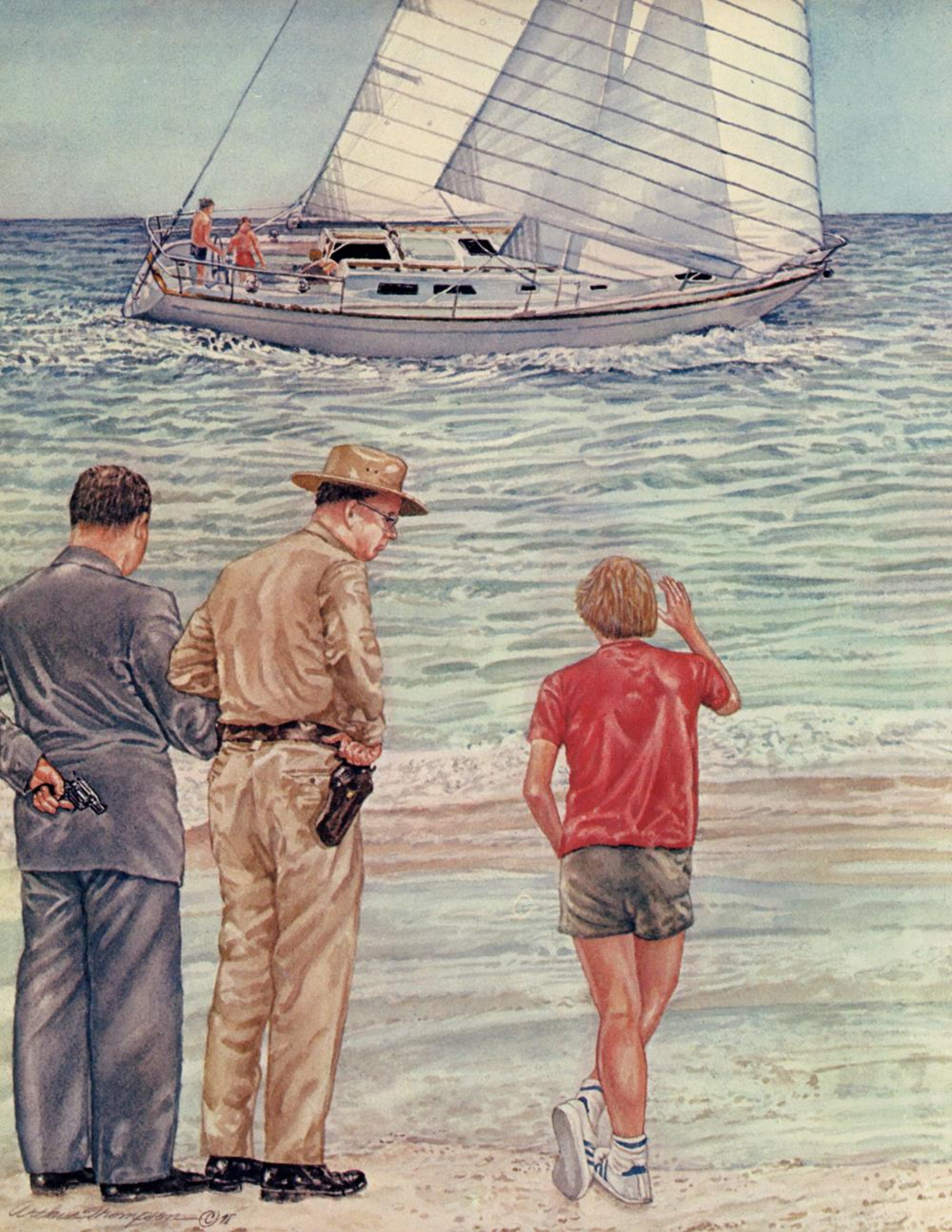
by Albert Goldman

Once upon a time, there was this hip little smuggling ring out on the West Coast. These boys were really slick. They ran sailboats loaded with Oaxacan weed up to the Baja Peninsula. They moved duffel bags dropped by servicemen on islands in the Pacific. They even sailed a load of Thai sticks all the way across the ocean from Bangkok to San Francisco. No matter what these boys put their hand to, they always made a big pile of money.

The secret of success was their leader, an itchy genius of 25 who everybody called "Kingpin."

This dude was always walking around with his hand in his pocket. No, he wasn't playing with his pecker, stupid! He had this pocket calculator, and at the slightest provocation,





Arthur Thompson © 11

he would whip it out—the calculator, dummy! Then he'd start figuring out how much he could make on ten tons of Durango Red at \$20 a pound with a ten-percent surcharge for trucking. Though at an age when most young men are still scuffling to make a living, this lad was worth about 3 million dollars—all of it stashed in secret interest-bearing accounts in the Bank of Mexico.

The Kingpin had a pet scam that he had been brooding over for years. Smugglers are dreamers. They always have these great schemes that depend upon getting a huge four-engine airplane or a shrimp trawler that's 90 feet long. They're always vowing that before they get out of the game they'll pull off one last scam that will be a monster. Then they go back to hauling their usual 250 pounds in a one-engine Cessna. The Kingpin was different. One day he decided to make this particular dream come true.

He called his men together for a high-level conference at a rather low-level motel. Then, he gave them the game. The plan was big and complicated. It sounded like he was making a movie instead of a move. It's too bad he didn't take along some cameras, because this operation turned out to be one of the greatest smuggling yarns ever told.

What the Kingpin had in mind was to smuggle 1,600 pounds of high-grade Moroccan hash all the way from the Atlas Mountains of North Africa to the East Coast of the USA by sailboat. To make the move perfectly, he had decided that the operation would have to be developed by three different crews working in three different parts of the world simultaneously, coordinating their efforts according to a carefully plotted schedule.

Crew 1 would fly to the East Coast and make a survey of the entire South Atlantic seaboard to discover the perfect place to bring the stuff in. Crew 2 would fly to England and make a survey of every English boatyard, seeking the perfect hash-smuggling boat. Crew 3 would fly to Tangiers and go up into the Atlas Mountains to collect and package the hash, which they would then bring down to the coast where they would rendezvous with Crew 2, which had sailed down from England to Gibraltar. Meantime, Crew 1 would have moved into the landing site on the Atlantic seaboard and would be standing by waiting to unload the hash and send it on its way to the buyers in Atlanta, New York and Boston. The Kingpin figured that with ten men and \$85,000 in cash, he could swing the whole deal. The gross earnings would be in the neighborhood of \$1½ million.

As soon as the meeting ended, the smugglers took off on their assignments. The boat captain took his three men and flew to London. After two weeks of browsing through one British boatyard after another, he decided to buy

the first boat he had seen. It was called the *Ailanthus*. It had belonged to Lord Amery, the former exchequer of the British Treasury, and it was a beauty!

Picture a classic 1939 teakwood racing yacht—a la Errol Flynn!—a 43-foot, double-ended, canoe-sterned, sloop-rigged motherfucker, fast but wet, weighing about ten tons! Now wouldn't that give you tachycardia if you were a stone sailor? Even to this day, this guy's face lights up like a flash bulb every time he starts to describe that boat. Which is also typical of smugglers.

So many of them are not in the game for the drugs or the money; what they're after is some lifelong fantasy that only smuggling gives them a chance to fulfill. One dude wants to play the pampered little rich boy spilling his toot all over the drug groupies who hang on his every word. Another guy is on a power trip, always talking about "my plane," "my boat," "my men," "my...my...my." Yet another man will be getting off on the rush he feels every time he has to get down and fly "on the deck," or muscle the bales ashore on

**The Mastermind figured that
with 12 men and \$85,000
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The gross earnings would
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of one and one-half
million dollars!**

some lonely, scary beach or shoot his way through a roadblock in South America. Many are the trips. You never know what people really want until something extraordinary happens to them and out pops the truth.

The captain, a stoned hippie with hair like an overripe dandelion, had grown up in the middle of the Pacific Ocean on the island of Guam. From his earliest years, he had been fucking around with drugs and sailboats. Nothing in this world made him so happy as to be out there a thousand miles from land with those knurled spokes in his hand and that wind whistling through the cordage and the sun in the morning or the stars at night telling him that he was right on course—bringing that big load on home! So once he bought this boat and started working on it, installing a new engine, new rigging and sails, and provisioning for a prolonged sea voyage, this boy was fixed.

While the European and African branches of the firm were working at their respective tasks, the American wing of the operation was conducting a methodical survey of the East Coast to find the perfect place to bring the stuff home. After mo-

toring a thousand miles from the Florida Keys (too hot!) to the Georgia sea islands (no deep-water harbors) to the coast of the Carolinas, this team finally found what they regarded as the perfect spot. It was the Port Royal Sound, South Carolina, an old pirate water bordered with low-lying islands that are often deserted or inhabited by a single family, and that only part of the year.

One island in particular appealed to them because of its isolation, emptiness and easy access from the sea. It was called Fripp Island. A low round bit of sand covered with a scattering of palmettos and sea oats. The last thing in this world that anybody would expect to come up the sleepy old channel to Fripp would be a yacht with 1,600 pounds of hash aboard. So the destination of the load was set; now the next question was: how was the hash buying coming along?

Buying, packaging and bringing the hash down from the mountains to the shore was the Kingpin's personal responsibility. It was a good thing he took the job on himself because it didn't prove to be as easy as you might suppose from reading the books of Paul Bowles and the other guys who have publicized the Moroccan Connection.

When the Kingpin and his boys got up in the Atlas Mountains at a place called Catam, they found some very suspicious and refractory villagers. It wasn't hard to buy hash—enough hash, that is, to get high. When you started talking about 1,600 pounds—of the very best quality!—the people looked at you like you had to be crazy; or you had to be working for Interpol.

So it was talk, talk, talk; deal, deal, deal; fuck around and fuck around for *four whole months!* Finally, by buying 20 kilos off this dude and 30 kilos off this cat and 5 kilos off another turban, they got their stash together: 746 kilos at \$30 per key. The next problem developed in the area of quality control. The Kingpin was determined to bring back nothing but the best. Much of the stuff he was shown, however, was not the best. He haggled and fought with the people until he realized that there wasn't any primo—just kif. So he compromised and took a mixed load, with lots of good hash, some not so good, some sort of mediocre, and a little hash oil: enough to fill two condoms, which they stashed in a Gulden's mustard jar.

When he got it all together, he went into his next bit. Taking a hint from the American food-packaging industry, he had brought with him from the states a large quantity of flat plastic tubing and a sealing machine. His idea was to protect the hash from the wet sea voyage by packing it into lengths of this transparent, airtight, waterproof plastic, color-coding it according to grade. The Moroccans did some double takes when they saw the plastic tubing. Then they shoved the stuff

where they were told to shove it.

Finally the great day came when the boat, which had been easing down from England by sailing first to Lisbon then to Gibraltar, got the word to come in to the coast of North Africa near Tangiers. The captain was a veteran of many a loading and unloading operation. He knew well the problems and dangers of loading a sailboat standing offshore in seas that can get rough. He had bought the insurance he needed against a fuck-up at the same time he bought his boat. Lashed to his deck was the sea smuggler's best friend—a Zodiac.

This inflatable rubber raft, powered with an outboard motor, is one of the marvels of modern nautical engineering. When the thing isn't in use, you can stash it in a tiny space; or pump it up halfway with the foot-operated pump and use it for an air mattress or portable bulwark. When it's time to go into action, you inflate it all the way, and the damn thing will skim over the surface of the sea—or the swamp—at speeds up to 40 mph, carrying up to 2,000 pounds of load and drawing about four inches of water.

Bringing the hash down from the mountains and getting it aboard the ship proved to be the hardest work of the whole undertaking. The Atlas Mountains are honeycombed with police stakeouts and roadblocks. No matter how hard the smugglers worked with their VW vans, walkie-talkies and midnight sneak tactics, they simply couldn't manage to get the shit past the heat.

Finally a friendly Moroccan hash maker told them that they were going about the business the wrong way. "Boys," he said, flexing his wrinkled, grimy face in the traditional code for exasperation, "why don't you pay the police to take the *kif* down themselves!"

The smugglers were hip to police corruption, but they had never encountered the practice of police *chauffage*. At first they feared a trap. Then they decided to risk it.

"What's this gonna cost me?" demanded the Kingpin, reaching instinctively into his pocket. When he punched the figures into his machine, it was his turn to do a double take on the total. To transport the 1,600 pounds of hashish from the town down to the shore and stand guard there, the police were demanding the grand sum of \$300 cash!

That night the *Ailanthus* stood into the shore as a shuttered beacon flickered out a silent message in Morse code. The atmosphere was World War II command. As is customary with smuggling operations, everybody was dead serious, but nobody could believe what was really happening. When the electric sounder began to show shallow water, the yacht hove to and the captain boarded the Zodiac to make the first loading run. As he zoomed over the water, he noticed that the sea was rising and the surf was booming. He went up high on one big roller and

**"Boys,"
said the hashmaker,
"why don't
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themselves!"**

came down like a skier on the other side. Next thing he knew, he had sand under his boat. The loading crew came running down to the shore and pulled him in. Then they began shouldering from the vans 75-pound duffel bags filled with plastic tubes of hashish.

When they got ten bags aboard the Zodiac, they pushed the boat back to the water's edge, waited for the next wave, ran the raftlike vessel out in the water and watched it disappear into the surf. The captain, a born sailor, navigated successfully back to his sloop. Then he and his crew broke their backs getting the heavy stubborn bags up onto the decks of the sailboat. When the last duffel bag had been heaved aboard, the captain made again for the shore.

This time, the sea was really heaving. He loaded as before, but now he was quite worried about making it back through the breakers. Finally the big moment came. The boat was launched as before. The engine caught and the screw started chewing on the water. The Zodiac was yawing sickeningly when the captain looked up and saw a massive breaker heading straight for his rubber dinghy. Hurling himself forward against the boat's blunt prow, he barely managed to keep it from flying up and toppling over backwards. The crew on the shore saw the rubber raft go up on the crest of the wave and they screamed in anguish. Then, a second later, they saw the Zodiac come down in normal position and continue out into the darkness. The load had been saved.

The problems of the cruise, however, had just begun. It was late November when the *Ailanthus* started heading out into the Atlantic. The wind was due east. The idea was to get away from the coast of Morocco as fast as possible. Beating out into the ocean with an opposing wind and high seas meant that the boat shipped a lot of water. Gradually, the water found its way into parts of the hull that couldn't be reached by the bilge pump. The action of the bilge pump got so heavy that the machine was doing 1,200 strokes a minute. Then the pump broke. Now, if they didn't come off wind, they stood a good chance of sinking. So the course was changed and the vessel

ran downwind along the Moroccan coast until it reached the 29th degree of latitude. Here, the weather began to mellow out and the boat to dry out.

At this point the four-man crew went into normal rotation of watches, and the cruise began to smooth out. For 32 days the *Ailanthus* parted the spray of the South Atlantic as the captain, navigating by the stars, laid her across the 30th degree like Columbus. The men played guitars and sang songs; they read sea stories; they ate English health foods and got fucked up on hash all the time. Finally, one night, after a bad northwester had blown them off course, the captain caught sight of the Jacksonville Light and knew he was home. Setting his course for Port Royal, he arrived off South Carolina on December 19, 1971. It was a clear, cloudless night, and the coast was lit up by a huge round Carolina moon.

Here is where the beautifully planned operation began to come apart. The captain had not wanted to use a radio to contact his party ashore. That meant that either he sailed into Beaufort with the hash aboard and trusted to luck, or that he stashed the hash at some point along the coast and sailed into port empty. Electing the latter course, he anchored off the first landfall he made at the mouth of Port Royal Sound. It was a broad, low sea island called Bay Point Island. According to the captain's charts and maps the island was roadless and uninhabited.

Three trips in the Zodiac and all the hash was ashore. A brief hike up over the dunes and the stuff was secured in a couple of sand pits behind the dunes. Then it was up anchor and motor sailing up the Beaufort River until they were almost into port. At that point, the captain decided to abandon his beloved ship and come in aboard the Zodiac. So sure was the crew of success that they broke out a bottle of Mateus wine that they had carried all the way from Lisbon so they could drink a victory toast. As they were uncorking the wine, the bottle suddenly exploded. Sailors are a superstitious lot. When the captain saw the bottle blow up, he knew they were going to get busted. Silently, the crew turned in for a couple hours of sleep before dawn.

The next morning at seven o'clock four rather shabby-looking men arrived in Beaufort Marina inside a Zodiac. They went ashore, made their call and were picked up by two other men in a van. Motoring over to nearby Fripp Island, they explained where the stash was located and were told that the best move was to wait for nightfall before they picked up the load. That evening they took off in a 16-foot boat with an outboard motor for the stash, which was just two miles distant. Navigating down the river in a dense fog, they found the deserted beach and climbed the dunes to the stash site.

They were just hauling the first bags out from under the cover of sand and sea oats

when suddenly they were pinpointed in a circle of flashlights. "Freeze!" came the blood-chilling command. Looking up, they saw resistance was useless. They were surrounded by a large party of men with machine guns, pistols and machetes. A DEA agent stepped forward and ordered them to fall face down on the sand. They were frisked brutally and handcuffed. Then they were marched down to a boat, which came up out of the night and hauled them back to Beaufort. There a large convoy of cop cars and a paddy wagon were waiting to take them with the load to Charleston. Sitting in the back of the wagon eating lumps of hash, the men kept looking at each other and groaning: "What the fuck went wrong?"

The story is a classic example of how planning must be total or be totally worthless. Though infinite pains had been lavished on this operation, the last link in the chain had not been secured. The very morning the smugglers stashed their load, a young boy and his father, who owned a house near the stash, took a walk up the shore. The 14-year-old boy discovered the smugglers' tracks and traced them to the sand pits where the olive drab duffel bags were hidden. When he showed his father his find, the man quickly recognized the substance as some sort of drug.

Immediately, he went back to his house and got in touch with the local lawmen. The police appeared and identified the hash. The next step was a stakeout by Customs, the DEA and local heat. If the smugglers had braved the port and brought their load straight into town, they would have escaped. Playing it safe, they played the fool.

Here the story should have ended. In fact, at this point it gets really bizarre. For while U.S. Commissioner of Customs Vernon D. Acree was announcing to the American press the near record seizure of 879 pounds of hashish plus a quantity of "oil of hashish," while the smugglers were sitting in jail cells unable to raise the quarter-million-dollar bail set on each man, while the Kingpin, still in Europe, was contemplating hara-kari, the little boy who found the stash went back to the beach to take another look.

The drug agents had assumed when they bagged over 800 pounds of exotic contraband that they had found it all. After all, the amount was staggering. The kid discovered soon that they were wrong. Not more than 25 yards from the first stash, he found a second stash nearly as large. Ten duffel bags stuffed with 736 pounds of the same rich stuff. He had done it again!

Only this time was different. This time he didn't tell his daddy. Instead, he took a little sample of the merchandise and buried the rest. Smoothing out his tracks as the smugglers should have done, he left his stash perfectly secure. Then he went

They were just hauling the first sacks out of the undergrowth when suddenly they were pinpointed in a circle of flashlight beams and told to freeze!

home to Charleston and told his older brother, a college student, what he had discovered. The two boys decided to sell some of the merchandise. They weren't very serious about the business; they let the stuff go cheap. When Easter vacation ended, the older brother went back to college—but he took along a nice stock in trade. The younger boy also got into smoking and dealing Moroccan hash with his pals from high school.

For a while, everything went fine. Every growing boy should gain some experience in business. It's the American way. Instead of a paper route, why not a dope drop? The only problem is that dealers must be cool about their business. They can't get high, get in their car with a bunch of friends and then run a light. Which is what our lad did one night the following April, after the smugglers had been in jail for four long months. Picked up by the police, the boy and his car were given a routine toss. Imagine the astonishment of the cops when they pulled out from under the front seat a great long tube of plastic stuffed with pungent-smelling hashish!

It didn't take the third degree to get the story out of the boy. Nor was he slow in implicating his brother, who soon got a phone call at the dorm telling him to come home at once. When the boys' family learned what had happened, they did a

great job of cooling the beef and even hushing up the story. The boy offered to lead the drug agents straight to the place where he had buried the stash.

The agents, who had fucked up the first time by not searching the area, decided this time to cover themselves with glory. They called up the marine base at Paris Island and ordered out a helicopter assault team. As the big combat choppers swooped in low over the marshy sea island just across the water from Hilton Head, the little boy pointed out the spot in the sand. Down settled the thut-thut-thutting copters.

Next morning the newspapers blared forth the announcement of the bust. "Tipped off by a local fisherman," the papers explained, the federal agents had made a new search of the "rugged terrain" of Bay Point Island and come up with an astounding new discovery. Commissioner Acree was jubilant. He presented the agents with a \$1,600 reward and a Treasury Department citation for "the largest seizure resulting from a single investigation in the history of the Bureau of Customs." Nothing was said about a 14-year-old boy.

A couple of weeks later, five of the six smugglers pleaded guilty before trial. (The sixth had committed suicide.) Their local counsel, which had received \$40,000 to represent them, had advised against going into court. The smugglers did as they were told—and received the maximum possible sentence: five years in prison and two years on probation. Their money gone into the lawyers' pockets, their boats and equipment sold at auction by the government, their lives bent badly out of shape, they were released eventually after serving two years in the federal penitentiary. Today they are all out and living normal lives. Yet who could blame them, if after an experience like this one, they developed a very funny—almost hostile—attitude toward children? ■



Look Louis, when I paid you for 120 pounds of Colombian . . .

High Style

Best Smuggling



What we are talking about here is the guts of any smuggling operation: the vehicle. Of course any successful dope run takes foresight, experience, cunning, chutzpa and greed on the part of the person behind the wheel, but all of these sterling personal qualities don't count for shit if the vehicle—be it winged, wheeled or hulled—falters at a critical moment. A smuggler's ass as well as the load depend entirely upon the mechanical contrivance in which he or she chooses to transport both.

For your simple, basic overland dope run, one of the most suitable vehicles is a standard van (we like Dodges, but most will do) converted to four-wheel drive by Berm Engineering of Long Beach, California. For about \$10,000 (\$6,000 for the van, \$4,000 for the conversion to 4WD) you get payload, cubic capacity and go-anywhere traction.

If your smuggling operation doesn't require all that space but needs even better traction, try a land rover. Although eclipsed in this country by the recent onslaught of Land Cruisers, Broncos, Blazers and Jeeps, the staid British

Leyland Land Rover is still considered by purists to be the supreme off-road vehicle. After all, if it's good enough for Marlon Perkins, it's good enough for you. Price: about £4,000 (\$7,000).

For those who prefer to outrun the narcs rather than lose them in the boondocks, there is but one choice: the legendary Lamborghini Countach. Although payload is severely limited, the Countach's 4.4-liter V-12 (six dual-throat Weber carbs) will push it up to 175 mph. After a year of outlaw status in this country, the Countach has finally passed EPA emis-

Vehicles

The key to any operation

by Dave Noland



sion requirements, so smugglers needn't worry about being stopped on sight by the fuzz. Price: \$50,000.

If four wheels ain't enough, try 18: a Kenworth cab hauling a Fruehauf tank trailer. Kenworths are noted for their sumptuous driver accommodations, and the trailer will haul enough dope to supply Ann Arbor for several days. Price: \$80,000.

A weirdly useful smuggling vehicle is the German Amphicar, a half-boat, half-car that should confound both shore-based narcs and the Coast Guard. The Amphicar would be an ideal pickup/contact vehicle for an ocean-going smuggling operation. And if the cops or Coast Guard ever did catch up to you in an Amphicar, you could always escape when they collapse in laughter. Price: DM 7500, or \$3,000.

There is of course a vast array of purebred, waterborne

craft suitable for smuggling, all unfettered by shore-based hassles such as roads, stoplights and border crossings. Starting small, the best ship-to-shore shuttle or courier boat is the Zodiac Mark V inflatable dinghy. It'll carry a ton at 30 mph with a 115-hp outboard and then deflate into the back of a van once safely ashore. The Zodiac's five watertight air compartments serve as superb stash points for small shipments. Price with motor: \$7,500.

The nautical equivalent of the Lamborghini Countach is the Cigarette 35—the fastest ocean-going vessel on the face of the earth. Max speed is a heady 80 knots (about 90 mph) with twin fuel-injected 625-hp Mercruiser engines. Cruising range is 325 miles, enough to make the Kingston-Miami run with just one stop. For a small-load, short-range mission in which expense and crew comfort are no object (you take a



hell of a pounding at 90 mph), the Cigarette stands alone. Price: \$80,000.

To carry a large load a lot further, try a Morgan Out-Island 41 sailing ketch. Although slow, the 41 will haul 8,000 pounds of weed over a virtually unlimited distance—as long as the wind blows. If it doesn't, the auxiliary motor will propel it another 1,000 miles. Shallow-water operations are impossible with the Morgan, however; the deep keel requires at least seven feet of water for maneuvering. Price: \$60,000.

Shrimp boats have become very popular smuggling vessels over the past few years. Typical of the breed is the Bender Challenger, a 75-footer that will carry 60 tons of weed in its cavernous fish hold for up to 10,000 miles. (At 10 knots, it'll take a couple of months to go that far.) Other shrimpers range in size from 40 to 180 feet in length. One hint for shrimp-boat smugglers: keep all your fishing gear in good repair and in plain sight. A shrimper without nets is fair game for snoopy Coast Guard patrols. Price: \$200,000.



Now trucks and boats are okay, but the premiere smuggling vehicle of modern times has become the airplane. The airplane's hallowed ability to span mountains and oceans in the wink of an eye makes it a smuggler's dream come true.

Among smaller single-engine aircraft, two models have gained legendary status among dope smugglers: the Cessna 180 and its bigger, more powerful stablemate, the Cessna 210. The rugged, dependable 180 has been the standby of bush pilots for 20 years now, and it'll haul 1,500 pounds of payload and fuel out of ridiculously short, rough strips.

The 210 has a bigger engine (300 hp), an even larger payload and will streak along at close to 200 mph. Its retractable tricycle landing gear is not as rugged as the 180's robust tail-wheel-type gear, however, and the 210 should be flown out of comparatively smooth airstrips only. The 210 is now so much in demand by dope smugglers that it leads all other aircraft in getting stolen, and pissed 210 owners are

now having to pay extra-high insurance premiums. It's the price of success. Price: 180—\$40,000; 210—\$60,000.

If you need to haul more than half a ton, move up to the Lockheed Lodestar, a twin-engine brute that'll carry up to three tons at close to 300 mph—and it'll certainly boost your macho rating among Latin dopelords. The late aerosmuggler par excellence Ken Burnstine used a fleet of Lodestars as the backbone of his operation, which brought stuff in from all over the Caribbean, Mexico and South America. Noisy, gas-guzzling and a handful to fly, the Lodestar has nevertheless become the symbol of the big-time smuggler who goes first class. Price (used only): \$20,000 to \$60,000.

For small shipments to and from extremely remote places, a couple of specialty STOL (Short TakeOff and Landing) aircraft stand out. The Piper Super Cub will fly 200 pounds of stuff out of almost anywhere. If it's too tight for even a Super Cub, the ultimate STOL machine is the Helio Courier. (The CIA has been using Helios for years in Southeast Asia. In



fact, CIA spooks regularly pose as Helio salespersons as part of their cover to infiltrate foreign air forces.) The Courier, with its sophisticated aerodynamic gadgets like full-span slotted flaps, leading-edge slats and spoilers, can land at 30 mph and brake to a halt in a clearing the size of a tennis court. Price: Super Cub—\$25,000; Helio—\$70,000.

For airborne smugglers who believe that bigger is better, there are hundreds of old surplus transports and bombers still flying—or rotting—in places like “Corrosion Corner,” an aerial junkyard of C-46s and DC-7s and Super Constellations at Miami International Airport. For all their payload, speed and range, these aerial tramp freighters can be bought ridiculously cheap. A 350-mph, 100-passenger DC-7 can be had for as little as \$35,000 in airworthy condition (it cost United Airlines \$1.5 million for one in 1956). At those prices, it becomes economically feasible to buy an old airliner, use it

once to transport a hugely profitable load and then simply abandon it.

Best bet among old airliners is the Douglas DC-6. Payload is 20 tons, range 4,000 miles, and the Pratt & Whitney R-2800 radial engines are reliable and still easy to get parts for. Other old tramps like the DC-7 and Lockheed 1049H Super Constellation have better performance, but their R-3350 engines are nightmares of complexity. As a result, very few of them are flying any more. The DC-6’s little brother, the DC-4, isn’t as big or fast, but it’ll operate nicely out of runways as short as 2,000 feet. Price of a good DC-6A freighter with cargo door is as high as \$200,000. The DC-4 price tag is around 50 Gs.

From this array of exquisite aerial, nautical and terrestrial machinery, a smuggler should be able to select a combination of vehicles to fit virtually any smuggling mission. If not, we can only suggest a backpack and a pair of sneakers. □

There are half a million men and women in prisons around the world for the simple crime of disagreeing with their governments.

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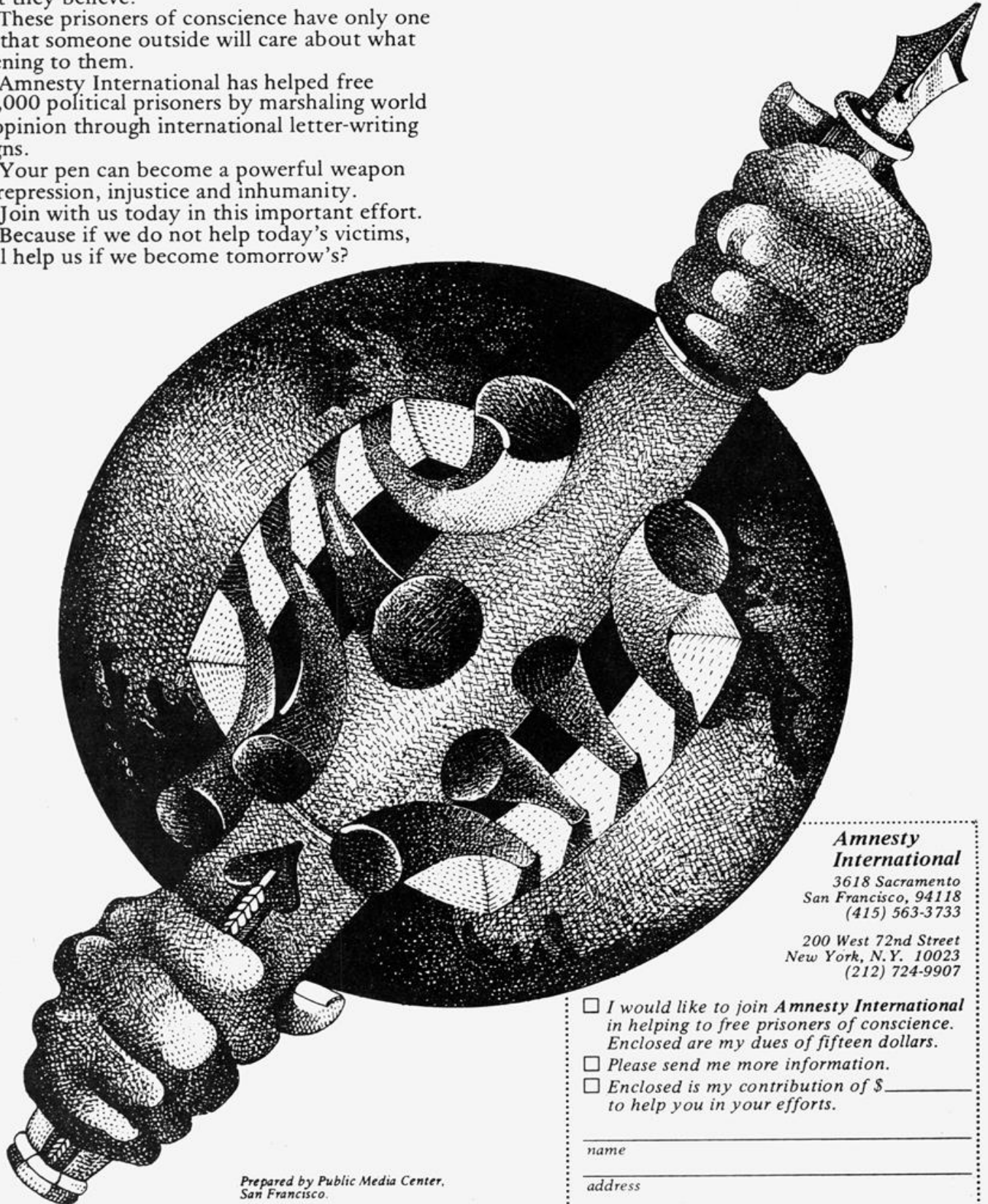
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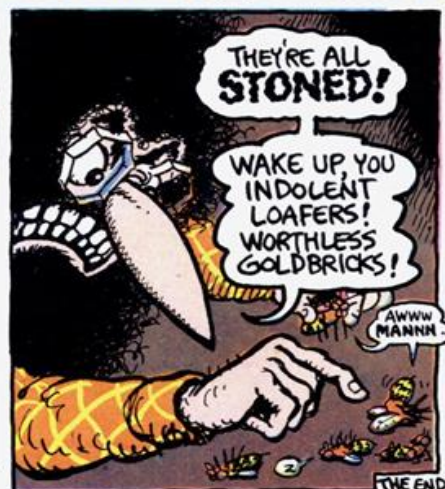
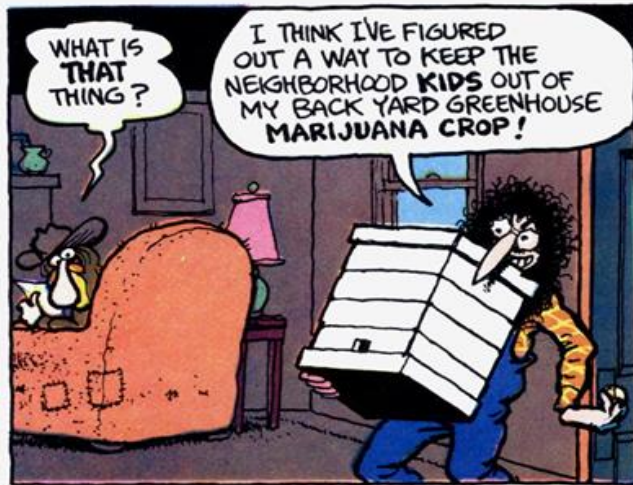
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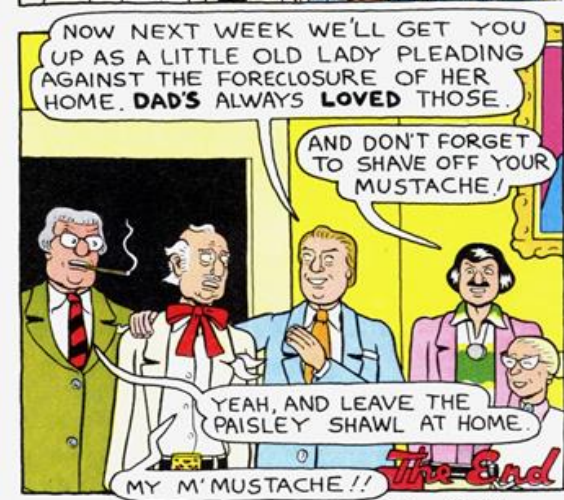
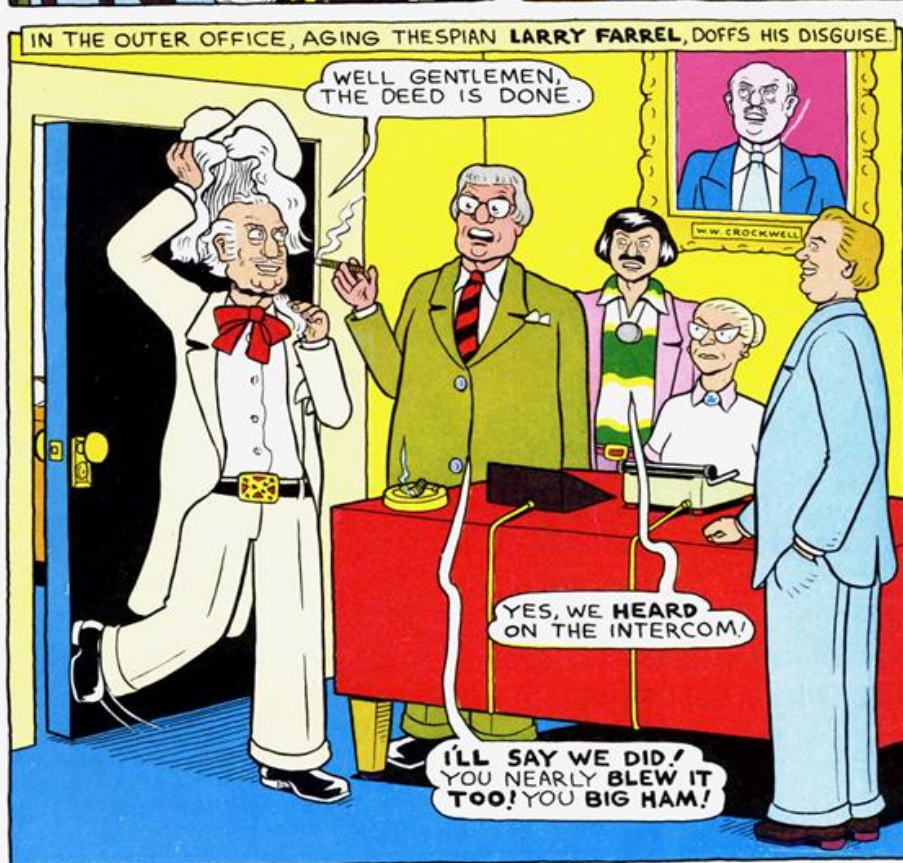
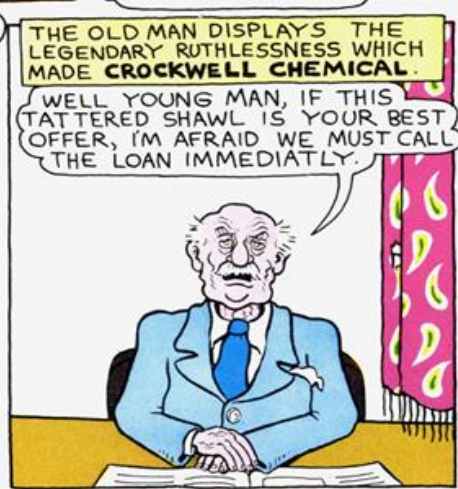
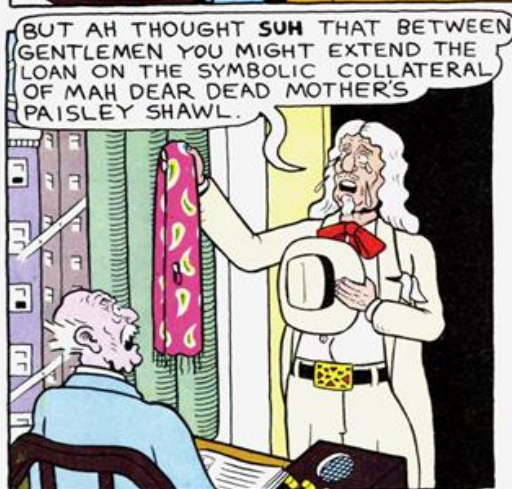
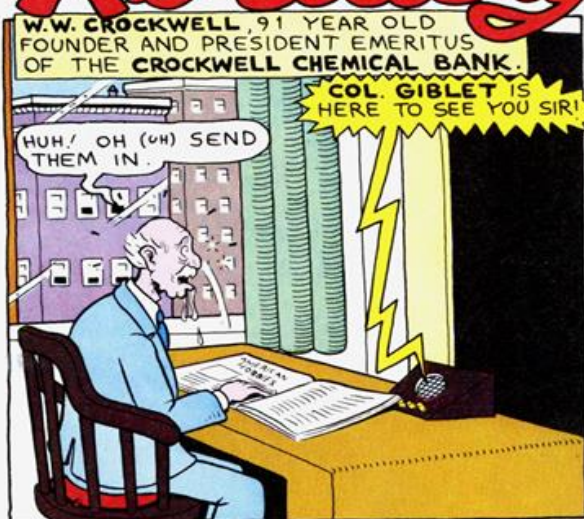
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Art Bevacqua



Lou Reed was in Melbourne, Australia, recently. Doing what? "Nothing, that's the beauty of it." Busy people don't often get a shot at nada. Actually, the author of "Walk on the Wild Side" and "Heroin" has been in close contact with two clairvoyants and a t'ai-chi expert. Why, Lou? "My second clairvoyant told me I was going to take over the world."



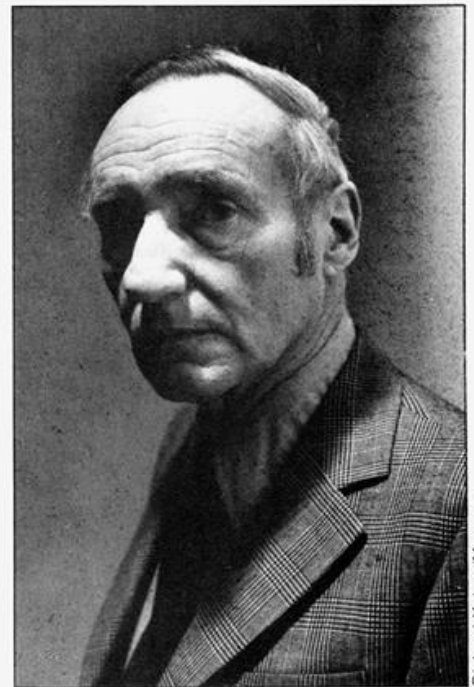
Michael McKenzie



Michael McKenzie

Back in the Big Apple, **Andy Warhol** interviewed **Debbie Harry** of Blondie for the prestigious job of waitress in his new restaurant chain, the Andymats. The pope of pop planned the Andymat chain as the chic center of dining and wining, which he expects to be "a lot of fun" and "a lot of headache," as anyone conversant with the Warhol notion of conceptual Campbell's soup will understand.

After years of ridiculing Western pop music, the Soviet Union has finally started to publish record charts, with foreign tunes included. According to Moscow's youth-oriented Moskovski Komsomolets, **Abba** is the top-rated foreign band, while **Elton John's** *Yellow Brick Road* album creaked in at tenth place under **Andy Williams** in third place.



Richard Kalvar/Magnum

Lithium will become one of America's favorite drugs, thanks to **Tony Orlando**, according to the Chicago Tribune. Now a healthy man in the rosy glow of life, Orlando attributes his miraculous recovery to lithium, an inexpensive little pill that can wash away the biochemical sources of depression in weeks.



Wide World

Longtime beat exile **William Burroughs** spent years in North Africa, London and the steaming Amazon rain forest. But the instincts of a desert rat die hard and Mr. Naked Lunch has now taken up residence in Boulder, Colorado, where he is still keeping in shape with a cap-and-ball revolver. "Just use it for target practice out here in the woods, and messing around," he said. ☐



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Paraphernalia Pogrom

A headshop opened up next door to New York State Senator Frank Padavan's office in Queens, and Sen. Padavan has proposed a law to outlaw sales or advertisements of pipes, papers and other grass-smoking paraphernalia. He will try to add the items to the existing state law banning over-the-counter sales of hypodermics and glassine envelopes in order to fight "the destruction of young minds" caused by marijuana.

New York NORML counsel Frank Fioramonti predicts the bill will die in Albany in the Codes Committee chaired by decrim law sponsor Senator H. Douglas Barclay, after Padavan reaps his quota of publicity. It's another reminder that the battle for civil freedoms is never completely won.

Smart Denied Apartment

New York State Supreme Court Justice Edward Greenfield recently ruled that a landlord may refuse to rent to "intelligent persons, aware of their rights, who may give him trouble in the future." Judith Pierce, a black lawyer for the New York City Commission on Human Rights, was refused an apartment by landlord Stanley Stahl because of her occupation. Stahl said he preferred "less informed, more passive" tenants. The court agreed that buildings are private property whose owners may discriminate as they please, except on the basis of race, sex, creed, color, ancestry or marital status.

High Court O.K.'s Random Searches

An ACLU suit in New Jersey has ended in a Supreme Court endorsement of random dope searches by law enforcement officials. The court refused to hear the appeal of an injunction against harassment of long-haired motorists by state troopers.

The injunction was based on the court's earlier ruling that "cease and desist" orders can be issued against police when there is a "plan or scheme to suppress constitutional rights." The appeal followed an earlier Third Circuit Court of Appeals ruling that the 35 documented cases of arbitrary checks—and reports of hundreds of others—did not show a policy of harassment.

International Mail Can Be Opened

The Supreme Court recently gave Post Office inspectors the right to open mail from abroad if they suspect there is dope inside. The opinion came in the case of eight letters from Thailand, found to contain heroin, which were opened because they were bulkier and heavier than normal and came from a major dope-producing area. The Nixon-era Post Office had claimed the right to such searches since 1971, but until this six-to-three ruling they had been required to turn offending packages over to Customs for opening.

DEA Donkey Profile Killed

Narcs looking for drug couriers can no longer search airline passengers merely because they match the DEA suspicious list. In the case of *U.S. v. McCaleb* (21 Cr. L. Rep. 2101), The Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals recently ruled that the list, which has been in use for nearly a year, was too loose. It included such dubious qualifications as buying tickets with small bills, travel to dope-exporting countries, lack of luggage and general nervousness.

Heroin Gets Federal Nod

A new federal panel to administer medical research on heroin has fueled speculation that President Carter is planning British-style maintenance for heroin addicts in America. White House advisor Dr. Peter Bourne, along with representatives of the National Cancer Institute and the National Institute on Aging, has created a panel at the National Institute of Health to aid scientists seeking grants to study medical uses of various illegal substances.



Dr. Peter Bourne

For the moment, the only heroin studies allowed will be on its relief of the pain of terminal illnesses. One such experiment is now under way at New York's Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center.

However, critical of what it sees as Carter's halfway measures, the Committee on Treatment of Intractable Pain plans to sue for immediate legalization of pain-killing heroin. Committee member Rt. Rev. C. Edward Crowther complained, "The only people who can't get heroin are people who are dying." ☐

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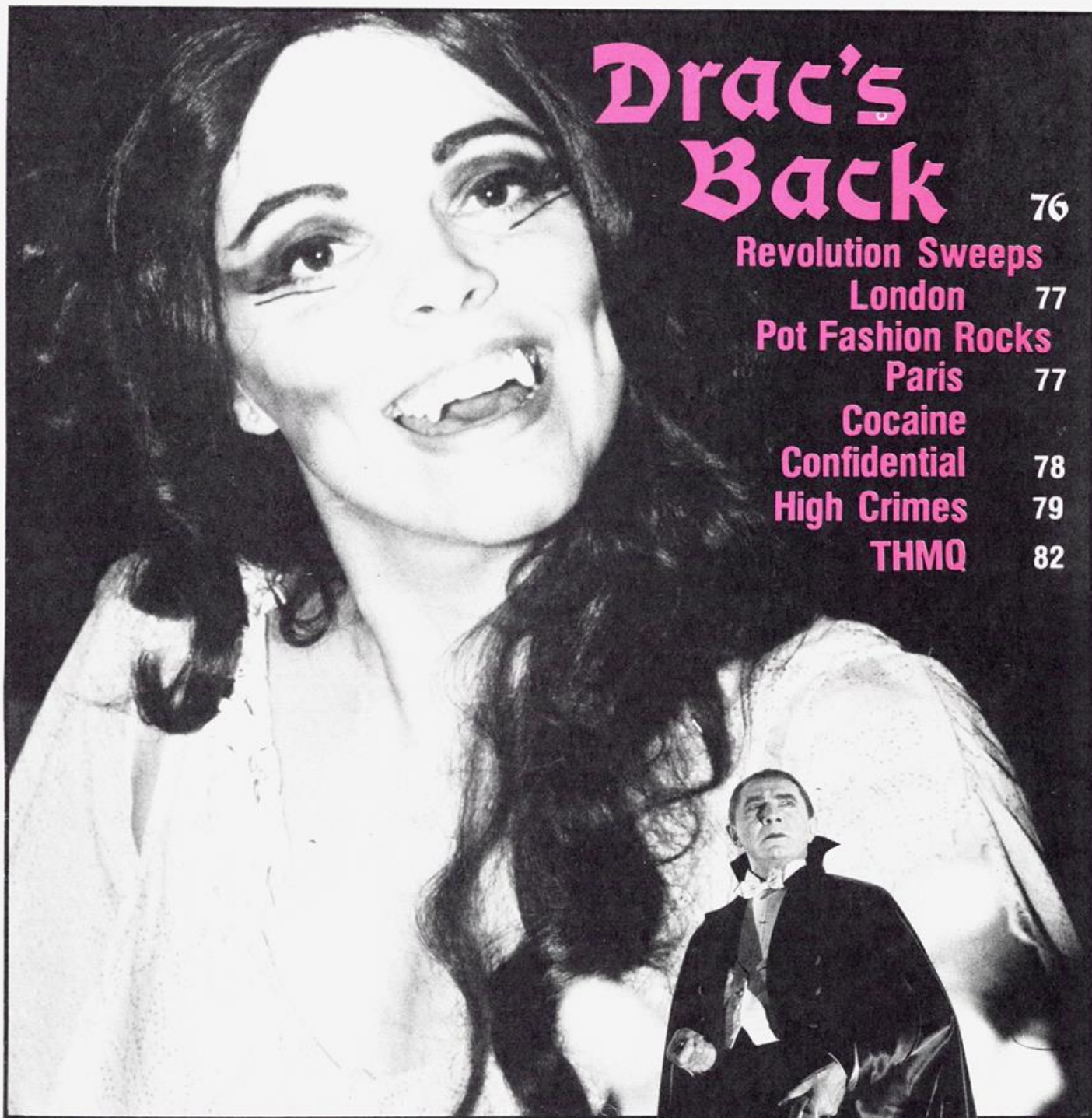
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Dracula: Undead and Well on Broadway

by Joe Kane

"The vampire lives on, and cannot die by mere passing of time; he can flourish when he can fatten on the blood of the living. Even more, we have seen amongst us that he can even grow younger; that his vital faculties grow strenuous, and seem as though they refresh themselves when his special pabulum is plenty."—Bram Stoker

NEW YORK—Hold fast to your crucifixes, friends: Dracula is undead, well and baring his fangs at the Martin Beck theater in Edward Gorey's revival of the Hamilton Deane-John Balderston play, *Dracula*. And judging by the endless lines waiting to see actor Frank Langella bite the necks of British virgins, the legendary bloodsucker's latest resurrection has been nothing less than a howling success.

That Drac's back in town isn't particularly surprising, though, for that venerable vampire—spawned 80 years ago in the course of an indigestive night by Bram Stoker—has never been in greater demand. The past couple of years alone have seen a seemingly endless effluence of Draculabilia.

In publishing, we've witnessed everything from Leonard Wolf's *A Dream of Dracula*, a scholarly exegesis of Dracula's sexual themes, to Donald Glut's *The Dracula Book*, which offers info on every one of the Count's myriad media appearances, plus Dracula movies, vampire anthologies and a brace of Bela Lugosi bios.

On the film front, no fewer than 14 nations have turned out Dracula flicks, ranging from relatively conventional offerings to such fare as *Blacula*, Andy Warhol's *Dracula*, *Son of Dracula*, *Dracula*, the *Dirty Old Man* (a porn flick), *Dracula and the Boys* (a gay porn flick), *Legend of the Seven Golden Vampires* (in which the Count confronts a team of Oriental martial artists) and even *Deafula*, the first commercial feature fashioned solely for the deaf.

The vampire king's grim visage has also adorned the covers of countless record albums, comic books, magazines and playbills, and vampirism still claims a significant number of true believers in such far-flung locales as Romania, Scandinavia, Greece and, of course, California.

One reason for Dracula's renewed marketability was the deft exploitation of his namesake, Vlad Dracula (aka The Impaler), a fifteenth century Wallachian prince with an inordinate fondness for senseless slaughter. Not that Vlad bore much resemblance to Stoker's creation. For one thing, while he was partial to administering ten-foot wooden suppositories to any who chanced to displease him, blood sucking did not figure



Bettmann Archive

among his vices.

He was called "Dracula" simply because "drakul" is the Romanian word for devil. And while Stoker did draw upon the vampire lore of Eastern Europe and the perverse proclivities of Vlad himself in fashioning his famous fiend, he relied just as heavily on existing vampires of popular fiction—Polidori's *The Vampire*, Prest's *Varney the Vampire* and Le Fanu's *Carmilla*—as well as on his own lively Victorian imagination and accompanying sexual fears.

Mad Vlad the Impaler had been the subject of several grisly pamphlets, bearing titles like *About the Wild Tyrant Called Dracole Wayda Who MCCCCVI Years after the Birth of Our Lord Jesus Christ Carried Out Many Terrible*

and Wondrous Deeds in Wallachia and in Hungary and the more succinct *About the Wild Bloodthirsty Berserker Dracula*, published during and soon after his own lifetime that even then sold in a manner more befitting hotcakes than pamphlets. By capitalizing on the Dracula name, merchandisers were able to peddle two villains for the work of one, pushing Vlad biographies, cinematic spin-offs and even Transylvanian tour packages that in turn served to rekindle public lust for more fare about Stoker's fiend.

On screen, a major factor in the Count's resuscitation was the gradual relaxation of censorship sanctions. Lugosi's Dracula had to be content with exchanging discreetly ominous banter with his po-

tential victims while conducting most of his more unpleasant mischief off-screen; but Christopher Lee's modern Count opts for a far less subtle m.o., setting upon his ripe, bosomy prey with much bestial gusto and unleashing great feral gasps of satanic satiation as bright red drops of Technicolored blood drip from his fangs.

More primal reasons for the Count's current celebrity are open to various, frequently specious interpretations. Draculaphiles Raymond T. McNally and Radu Florescu cite the legend's compelling expression of a primeval desire to "return to the womb... to eat, to be eaten and to sleep." Freud biographer Ernest Jones proffers the view that vampires and their cross-cultural cousins provide primitive explanations for wet dreams—the body in repose is involuntarily violated by supernatural sex perverts.

But why is Drac so popular now? Is he indeed an apt hero for this largely uninspired, mildly decadent age in which we're said to live? Basically, we'd venture to say that, in an age as culturally out to lunch as this one, anything that mines essential human fears and desires, given sufficient promotion and some semblance of a fresh slant, can be successfully marketed. Let's face it: These are the times that try men's souls, times that will try anything once—twice, if there's a buck in it. If there's room for recycled icons like Superman and King Kong and such uninspired modern apparitions as Farrah Fawcett and Sylvester Stallone, why not a spot for old Dracula too?

Frestonia Proclaimed in London

by Terese Coe

Eight acres of ravaged, illegally occupied slums in the Notting Hill district of London have been proclaimed an independent republic by its resident caretakers. The 120 new citizens of the Free Independent Republic of Frestonia consider themselves "pioneer homesteaders" rather than squatters in a racially disturbed, semidemolished slum.

Foreign Minister David Rappaport-Bramley wrote and sent their Declaration of Independence to Queen Elizabeth II, England's Prime Minister James Callaghan and the Greater London Council. He has also applied for full membership in the United Nations and the European Common Market. "If faced with aggression from the Greater London Council we will ask for a U.N. peace-keeping force," he stated just loud enough to be heard above the staccato din of cars on the West London motorway next door. "We are also contacting the smaller sympathetic nations like Cuba."

The Greater London Council had already designated the area (formerly called Freston Street) for industrial development when Frestonia declared itself a republic. In applying to the U.N., the Frestonian citizens accused Great Britain of imperialism and declared: "Our case is that the GLC and the British government, through a long history of neglect and mismanagement of Frestonia, have forfeited the right to determine the future of the area... We hope to establish cordial relations with Great Britain in the future and we shall of course allow free passage to all friendly visitors, with negligible passport and customs formalities."

The self-declared Argentine ambassador to Frestonia, Geoff Gough-Bramley, remarked, "We know people think we're crazy, but... if it hadn't been for us, these houses would have been rat infested and derelict by now. We have proved that run-down areas are worth saving."

The reaction of the Greater London Council was succinct: "We'll see them at the U.N. or anywhere else. We have a lot of sympathy for many of the squatters, but the redevelopment of the area is in their own interest."

All of the Frestonians have added the name Bramley to their surnames. This is not only an acknowledgement of their motto, "We Are All One Family" (from the Latin "Nos sumus omnes una familia"), but a ploy to be dealt with politically as a family by the Greater London Council.

Mr. Rappaport-Bramley explained that "the GLC's policy in the past has been to rehouse families without splitting them up. This they are in opposition to doing with a family as big as ours. Therefore they have no alternative but to leave us to forge our own destiny as a nation."

Frestonia claims little in the way of internal revenues, since many Frestonians go abroad to earn a living. Of course, abroad in their case is not very far, perhaps a hop on the tubes downtown. This does not embarrass Jane Gough-Bramley, minister of tourism. Besides internal industries such as sign making, weaving, pottery and lute crafts, she sees potential income from tourists and curiosity seekers. The corrugated iron fences separating Frestonia from surrounding littered vacant lots are festooned with paintings of colorful mountain vistas.

Long live the Frestonian freestone peaches; and might we suggest "Stone Free" by Jimi Hendrix for the national anthem?



Frestonia, located at the end of London's Portobello Road.

France Cracks Down on Dope Fashion Fad

PARIS—An enterprising young Frenchman known as Poutinant has produced a line of electric lapel pins whose flashing prodope slogans have become the rage of Left Bank smokers and the target of a government crackdown.

The battery-powered pins, which boast sayings like "Long Live Drugs," have hurled Poutinant and his LOUPI Craft Company into the Parisian limelight, drawing rave reviews for him and one-to-five-year jail sentences for anyone caught wearing the \$7 electric beacons.

The hot-selling items have caused Poutinant and those who display the buttons a bundle of trouble with the government. Although the badges are considered to be exclusive works of art, the prodope designs are against the law.

Before Poutinant became aware of that, he designed a whole series lauding cocaine, hash, marijuana and a pharmacist's chest of pills. Each one is embellished with a



Button man Poutinant.

blinking red light at the end of its design.

The pins work for a year, at which time batteries inside the tiny box are renewed. Slogans are interchangeable, and the blinking red light goes on as contact is made by the closed clasp.

Law enforcement officials were especially miffed by a design that depicted a poorly rolled joint with a blinking red tip at its burning end.

Doug Lee/Kilo Kompany

Doug Lee/Kilo Kompany

Houpline/Black Star

Banana Boat Busted

Customs agents raided the Colombian banana boat *Maya*, idling off Miami Beach, and nabbed 157 pounds of cocaine. The contraband was wrapped in 70 plastic packages neatly hidden beneath decking at the bottom of the hold. In their haste to confiscate the loot, Customs neglected to make any arrests.

• Jose Alberto and Victor Torres, two Colombians on a New York-bound flight from Miami, hid ten pounds of coke behind a bathroom panel. When the duo returned to grab the stash after the flight landed at Kennedy International Airport, DEA agents planted on board arrested them. We were unable to determine if the agents remembered to take along the coke. In fact, one stewardess on board the flight claims the coke is still there and waiting for some lucky person in need of National Airlines' toilets.

• About 13 pounds of coca blanco, four Colombians and a machine gun named Amy were busted after New York City narcs discovered the cache inside a van traveling into Manhattan from Ken-

nedy International Airport. The narcs claimed the machine gun was to be used in an apparent territorial gang war behind rival cocaine armies battling for the control of New York's booming cocaine market.

• Eight pounds of the Latin flake was seized by Customs at Miami International Airport. Three men of unknown origin were arrested. The cocaine was discovered inside a shipment of pictures mounted on wooden backing.

• A former New Jersey state jail guard has been accused of running cocaine into the Bergen County nick. State narcs busted 20-year-old Robert Thomson when he arrived for the midnight shift allegedly holding a half-ounce of cocaine. Although narcs were



Miami narcs check out part of 157-pound cocaine haul.

unable to discover how much cocaine Thomson had allegedly brought into the prison, they were quick to proclaim that a major ring had been busted.

• Ariel Hurtado Galvis, for many years an important executive in the Colombian cocaine industry, has been kidnapped from a bar two blocks from the army barracks in the town of Ibagué. Five men with IDs from the F-2 detective division arrested him, but now Colombian authorities claim he has been kidnapped by a rival export organization, and that the subsequent disappearance of his entire family occurred because they have secretly gone to Bogotá to negotiate the ransom.

Hurtado Galvis had been legitimately arrested at least three times, last time in connection with the small matter of ten kilos of refined toot. The word in Bogotá is that once again the law is holding him, but with the intention of charging plenty for his release.

• Seven pounds of white Bolivian purée were popped in Gainesville, Florida, when cocaine state narcs busted 18-year-old Robert Lilinas. Lilinas accepted the cocaine from DEA agents who walked up to him and said, "Hi, Bob, here's seven pounds of cocaine." The narcs had busted the shipment from two Colombians the day before giving it to Lilinas. It is still a mystery how the narcs linked the blow to Lilinas.

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High Times HIT PARADE



Simple ineptitude on the part of amateur smugglers has accounted for a large number of recent marijuana busts. Some of the more flagrant casualties include:

- 50,000 lbs: Wilmington, N.C., freighter *Sea Crust*, 9 arrests.
- 14,400 lbs: St. Lucie, Fla., boats, 19 arrests.
- 11,000 lbs: Rhode Island, trucks, planes, boats, 28 arrests.
- 5,000 lbs: Greenwich, N.J., trawler and speedboats, 5 arrests.
- 4,000 lbs: Edisto Island,

S.C., cabin cruiser, 5 arrests.

- 4,000 lbs: Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., 6 arrests.
- 3,000 lbs: Okeechobee, Fla., trucks, 5 arrests.
- 1,500 lbs: Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., speedboat, 1 arrest.
- 1,400 lbs: Danbury, Conn., 5 arrests.
- 1,330 lbs: Portland, Me., pickup truck, 1 arrest.
- 1,000 lbs: Sweetwater, Tex., airplane, 2 arrests.
- 800 lbs: Calgary, Canada, 11 arrests.
- 6 Kg: Quaaludes: Ft. Lauderdale Airport, suitcase, 1 arrest.

Four Slain - 20 Tons Busted

A shrimp boat that was laden with almost 20 tons of marijuana when it sank off the St. Petersburg coast has been linked by Florida drug-law enforcement officials to four "gangland-style" murders in Panama City.

Four persons who apparently witnessed the crew of the 60-foot *Gunsmoke* loading 40,000 pounds of Colombian grass at Sandy Creek near Panama City were shot, their bodies weighted with concrete blocks, and later dumped into a North Florida sinkhole.

State Marine Patrol divers exploring the sunken boat turned up a can of gun lubricant and other unspecified items of evidence to support the smuggling/murder connection.

Fourteen persons have been arrested thus far, charged with third-degree murder and conspiracy to smuggle. It is suspected that the crew of the *Gunsmoke* sabotaged the boat by cutting a pipeline in the engine room—possibly as an attempted cover-up maneuver, although their actual reason for abandoning the enormous stash is not yet known.

● **JOHANNESBURG**—A white police constable was given a six-month sentence and suspended for five years for contravening South Africa's laws against interracial sex. Caught making love to a 15-year-old black girl in the back of a funeral parlor, he denied the charge, claiming he had actually been searching the girl for drugs.

● **BRITISH COLUMBIA**—A 77-year-old rancher has been busted for growing a half dozen marijuana plants in his herb garden. "I never smoked the stuff," Jack Lee maintained. "I use it for medicinal purposes. My eyesight is failing and I find poultice of marijuana very beneficial."

● **CALI**—DAS narcs hit a group of weed exporters in the north of Cauca state, arresting four and taking 24 sacks of pressed grass weighing in at over a ton. More dope was growing on their farm, registered under the name of "La Proveedora," translated as "The Supplier."

● **SANTA MARTA**—Colombian narcs hit a warehouse in Rio Piedras, in the Aracataca region, to find 8,500 pounds of best quality weed. Brought down from the Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta slopes, the grass was awaiting transshipment to an airstrip.

● **SANTA MARTA**—Eight million dollars worth of the world's best dope has gone up in smoke just outside Santa Marta. Magdalena state police hit a farm owned by Luis Buitrago, arresting him for holding an eight-ton shipment

ready for export and a further 38 acres sown with cannabis. The cops valued the dope at 300 million pesos—just over \$8 million. In the same area other recent busts have hit plantations of up to 250 acres.

● **BOGOTÁ**—A marijuana plantation, described by Colombian police as "gigantic," has been discovered near Raquira, only 80 miles north of Bogotá. A group of French dealers is believed to have financed the crop on the La Florida farm, property of José Flórez. But it was Señor Flórez's son who organized the psycho agricultural work, fooling his father that the tall green bushes were for "medical purposes."

● **BOGOTÁ**—Juan Manuel Retat has been deported from the U.S. to Bogotá to face a Colombian court on charges of helping fly in the Jetmore, Kansas, seven tons of grass. He had served six months for a U.S. conviction and was rebusted on leaving the jail on charges of illegal entry to the U.S. Retat claims his arrival on the dope flight was a complete accident, as he thought he was stowing away on a flight to Bogotá, where his mother was sick. On the flight from Barranquilla he came out of hiding and one of the crew members offered him a fruit juice, which turned out to be a Mickey Finn. When he next awoke the plane was packed to the roof with Santa Marta gold. He was arrested with two Americans upon landing in Jetmore.

The pilot, copilot and engineer who had originally taken



A \$50,000 shrimp boat such as this can be turned into a multi-million-dollar pot trawler with minimal conversion costs.

off in the plane turned up two months later saying they had been kidnapped and the plane hijacked to make the run. The court refuses to take the story, and warrants have been issued for the men. According to dope-trading sources here in Bogotá, the U.S. pilot who took the plane in was hired for \$80,000 to make the eight-hour flight under the radar net.

● **NORML and Playboy** have

helped file a \$5-million lawsuit against federal and local drug agents in Billings, Montana, where private investigator Lake Headley was arrested last year for cultivating a marijuana plantation, although no plants were ever found. The suit charged "a pattern of intimidation and harassment" against Headley by local narcs and sought to enjoin the court from further criminal proceedings.



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AFGHANISTAN

Local kabul hash	good	oz	1-2
Water-pressed hash	black and white	kilo	40-70
Shirac hash	stupefying	oz	2-3
Mazar-i-sharif	very good	kilo	100-175
Opium	knockout	oz	5-8
		kilo	50-80
		oz	5-10
		kilo	150-250
		6 pipes	.20

CANADA

Domestic	fair to good	oz	15-25
Regular	harvest	lb	150-200
Mexican	declining supply	oz	25-35
Top-grade	rare of late	lb	225-350
Mexican		oz	40-50
Commercial	steady supply	lb	475-700
Colombian		oz	35-50
Connoisseur	some gold	lb	400-500
Colombian		oz	45-65
Hawaiian	variety, good to excellent	lb	500-600
Thai sticks	potent	oz	175-250
Afghani hash	black slabs, worthwhile	one	2000-3100
Kashmiri	excellent when found	oz	20-25
Afghani	fair supply	lb	160-200
Honey oil	amber,	gm	1200-1800
Magic mushrooms	tremendous	oz	180-220
LSD	bountiful	gm	1800-2500
Cocaine	blotter, microdot	oz	35-50
MDA	decent rock	gm	450-550
	available in East	oz	35-50
		gm	450-600
		oz	20-25
		hit	3-5
		100	150-275
		gm	75-125
		oz	1450-2000
		gm	40-60

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta gold, red	good selection, quantity	oz	4-10
Punta roja	fine-clipped	lb	55-75
Commercial	red	oz	7-10
Colombian	leafy brown	lb	50-75
Colombian	improving	oz	2-4
Colombian	poor to fair	lb	30-40
hash oil		oz	25-50
Mushrooms	OK supply	lb	2000-3000
Cocaine	excellent flake and rock	oz	150-200
		lb	1750-2300
		oz	3-5
		lb	300-450
		oz	250-450
		lb	4500-6000

DENMARK

Domestic	poor to fair	oz	10-15
grass		lb	70-120
Thai sticks	rare	one	8-10
Moroccan	quality varies	gm	2-4
hash		kilo	1500-2000
Lebanese	supply down	gm	2-4
Afghani hash	excellent slabs	kilo	1800-2500
Paki hash	ripoff	gm	3-6
Nepalese hash	slabs	kilo	1800-2500
Cocaine	stepped on	gm	2-5
LSD	blotter	kilo	2500-3500
Opium	scarce	gm	4-7
		kilo	3000-4000
		oz	1800-2200
		hit	2.50-3.50
		gm	5-10
		oz	75-100

ENGLAND

Nigerian grass	plentiful	oz	35
Moroccan	small amounts	oz	30-40
hash	of quality	lb	400-600
Lebanese	cloth wrapped,	oz	70-100
hash	OK	lb	800-1000
Afghani hash	thin slabs,	oz	75-150
Colombian	good	lb	800-1250
hash	quality up	oz	50-65
Hash oil	some Afghani	lb	500-800
LSD	big blotter	gm	25-35
		hit	375-500
		100	1-1.50
			75-150

Cocaine	just OK	gm	50-125
Mandrax	large demand, OK supply	oz	2000-2200
		one	1-3
		100	100-200

FRANCE

Nigerian	short supply	oz	50-80
grass		lb	500-800
Thai sticks	excellent when found	one	10-25
Lebanese	fair to good	oz	750-1200
hash		lb	50-60
Moroccan	OK blonde	oz	400-700
hash		lb	25-50
Nepalese	scarce of late	oz	350-500
hash		lb	65-100
LSD	small amounts of blotter	one	900-1100
Opium	available	100	2.50-5
		gm	200-350
			10-15

GERMANY

Afghani hash	good to excellent	oz	50-75
Lebanese	soft red, good	lb	500-725
hash		gm	2-5
Moroccan	just OK	kilo	1200-1350
hash		oz	35-50
Thai sticks	high quality	lb	475-575
LSD	blotter	one	15-25
Cocaine	decent supply	100	800-1200
		hit	2.50-5
		100	200-400
		gm	65-110
		oz	500-750

HONG KONG

Mainland weed	better than expected	oz	7-10
Thai grass	Buddha's delight	lb	100-150
Thai sticks	tight, sticky	oz	50-100
		lb	50-850
		one	50-100
		oz	500-850

MEXICO

Torreón	breath-taking	oz	5-10
violet		lb	85-125
Guadalajara	supply decreasing	oz	5-10
Oaxacan tops	fair	lb	80-130
Guerrero gold	smooth, but seedy	oz	4-6
Pueblo	good	lb	65-90
Magic mushrooms	fresh, excellent	oz	3-6
Cocaine	brown	lb	50-100
Opium	supply up	oz	5-10
		lb	50-125
		gm	30-50
		oz	400-600
		lb	50-75
			400-500

MOSCOW

Irkutsk hash	good	oz	80-100
Nepalese	just stash	lb	800-1000
hash		oz	140-180
Turkish	fresh	lb	1700-2300
hash		oz	3 pairs
Siberian	scarce	Levis	75-100
grass		oz	800-1100
LSD	European	hit	3-5
		100	250-400

NEPAL

Ganja	OK domestic	oz	1-2
Black hash	pressed balls	oz	2-5
Afghani hash	varying quality	lb	15-20
Psilocybin	early-bird treat	oz	2-5
mushrooms		lb	10-20
		one	.02

PERU

Colombian	good	oz	7-10
grass		lb	80-100

Ecuadorean	tasty smoke	oz	5-7
red		lb	60-120
Cocaine	flaked rock	gm	20-40
		oz	400-650
		lb	3500

TURKEY

Local hash	good to excellent, dark brown	oz	5-10
Antonia hash	top notch	lb	80-100
LSD	scarce	oz	7-10
Opium	high quality	hit	100-200
		oz	3-5
		lb	50-75

USA

Contiguous			
Regular	declining supply	oz	20-30
Mexican		lb	100-250
Top-grade	thick colas	oz	50-125
Mexican		lb	200-750
Quality	good brown	oz	35-55
Jamaican		lb	225-375
Commercial	decent	oz	30-45
Colombian	availability	lb	300-500
Connoisseur	tight gold buds	oz	40-70
Colombian		lb	350-750
California	powerful	oz	150-250
sinsemilla		lb	1000-1500
Hawaiian	sweet and seedless	oz	200
Puna buds	OK green	lb	1000-1200
Moroccan		oz	80-100
hash		lb	750-1000
Lebanese	blond	oz	100-120
hash		lb	1200-1500
Black Afghani	slabs	oz	120-150
hash		lb	1400-1800
Nepalese	pressed balls, good	oz	100-165
hash	just decent	lb	1200-1500
Paki hash		oz	100-155
Thai sticks	abundant	lb	800-1600
Hawaiian	rare	one	15-30
Afghani	potent black	oz	175-225
hash oil		oz	125-200
Lebanese	scarce	lb	2600
hash oil		gm	25-35
Honey oil	fine quality	oz	1400-2000
PCP		gm	25-30
LSD	powder	oz	350-450
	blotter, microdot	oz	25-40
Psilocybin	available fresh,	hit	425-525
mushrooms	frozen	100	75-85
Quaaludes,	rare	oz	2-3
714s		100	200-400
Cocaine	various qualities	oz	25-45
		lb	150-200
		one	2.75-4
		100	200-350
		gm	60-120
		oz	1000-2000

Alaska

Domestic	dark green, sweet	oz	40-60
Regular	OK supply,	lb	300-450
Mexican	quality	oz	20-30
Cocaine	fair to good	lb	250-350
		gm	100-120
		oz	1600-2000

Hawaii

Kona gold	piney taste, excellent high	oz	120-150
Maui	delicious	lb	1200-2000
Kauai	stoney	oz	120-175
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		lb	1000-1500
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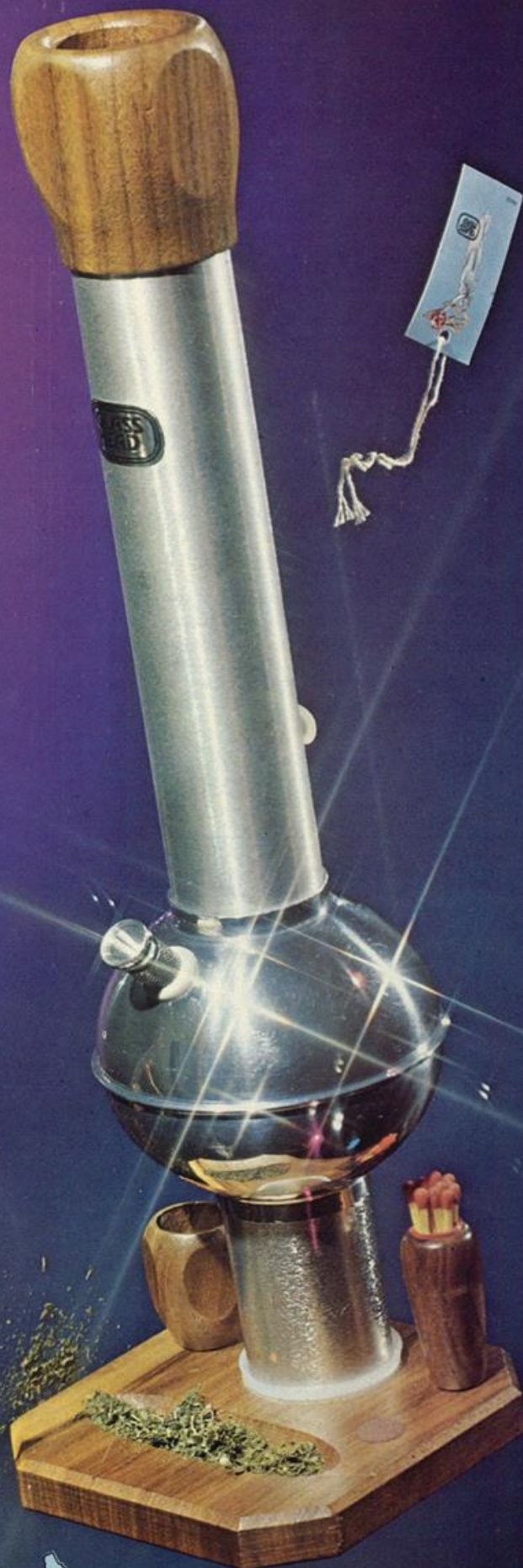


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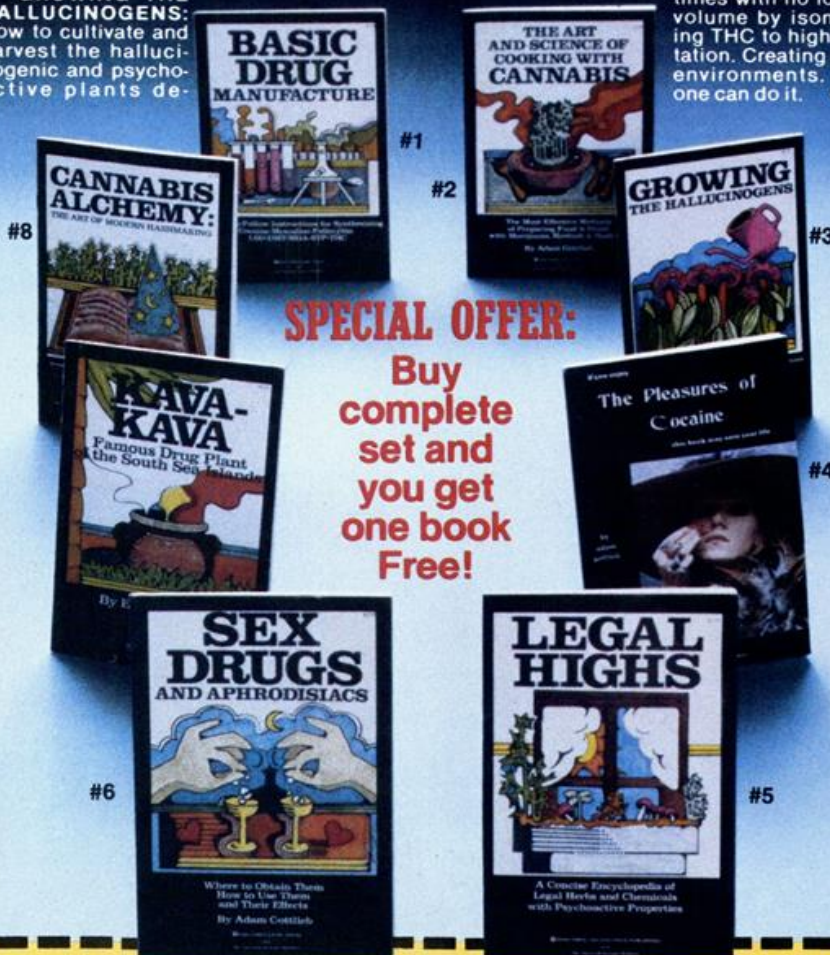
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Don't Bug Me

(continued from page 44)

with offensive countermeasure equipment almost 25 years ago.

Fargo's president, Leo Jones, shed some light on the dilemma of the telephone analyzer: "The engineers were looking for ways a telephone could be bypassed. They wanted to build a device that could detect any possible technique, and it just compounded itself. They kept finding new and different ways to attack the telephone, and as they did, each analyzer would become obsolete." The telephone analyzers on the market pay little attention to "on-line" testing. The reason for this is very simple: there are no tests that a layperson can do that would detect the presence of a sophisticated listening device on the line.

We must now explain high- and low-impedance taps. For the benefit of lay readers, we will use a garden hose as an example. If a large hole is cut in the middle of the hose (low impedance), there will be a reduction in the flow of water at the end of the hose. If a pinhole is made in the hose (high impedance), an imperceptible amount of loss will be noted. High-impedance wiretaps take a miniscule amount of power from the telephone line. Most medium-to-sophisticated devices are high impedance. Their detectability can be measured in exact proportion to the amount of impedance.

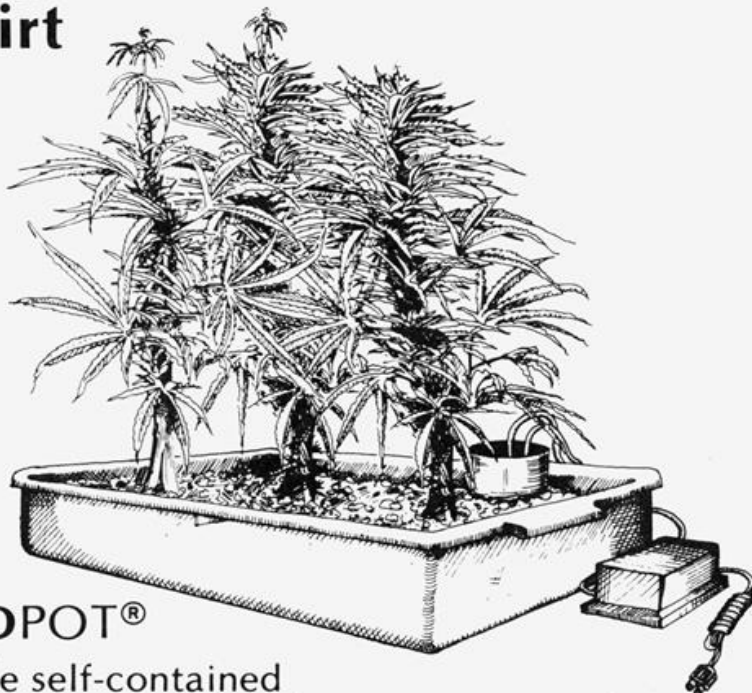
Physical Search

Most countermeasure experts agree that there is no substitute for a physical search. There are various devices that will aid in the search, but alone they cannot indicate the presence or absence of a room bug or wiretap. When considering this, we must stress the need to evaluate the level of attack you might be subjected to. If you fall within the minority that could attract ultra-high-level surveillance—that is, corporate head, world's largest cocaine importer, etc.—then only a professional with high-level skill should be considered.

There are competent detection agencies in most major cities. Because of the nature of their clientele, it is doubtful that they will give you complete references. Many criminal attorneys know reputable firms; don't hesitate to ask in detail what techniques will be used for what. Demand a written report and be extremely wary of anyone who does not perform a lengthy physical search of your premises. Discount completely anyone who relies on one mysterious black box as a cure-all for your bugs.

All residential telephone systems and instruments can be inspected with relative ease. A screwdriver will allow you to open the instrument. There should be no unusual devices inside the phone. Any metal boxes, epoxy cylinders or boxes with two or more wires coming from it are

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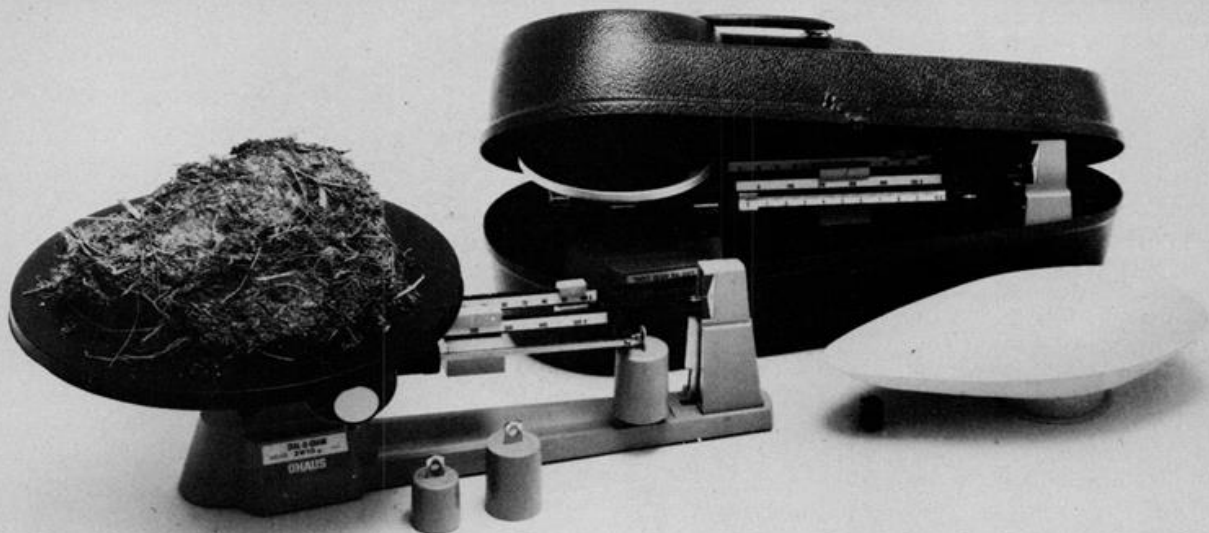
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immediately suspect and should be reported to both the telephone company security officer and the FBI. Tapping a telephone is a federal offense. Trace the wires throughout your home, office or apartment as far as you can. Most apartment houses have terminal blocks in the basement or outside. Some have a special room. You may not be able to find your wires, but an examination should reveal the presence of any transmitters or recorders. Beware of any loose wires coming from the terminal box, follow them and see where they go. This procedure will discover about 80 percent of all wiretapping devices.

Voltmeters

When your telephone is on the hook, there are approximately 40 volts on the line. This can easily be measured with a little practice. The cover of the phone comes off with a screwdriver. The voltmeter should be attached to the red and green wires in the terminal box. For comparison, test a neighbor's phone in your exchange and general area. If your voltage is 4 or 5 volts higher or lower than everyone else's, or your voltage suddenly drops from 48 to 44, then call the telephone company. Most devices draw at least 3 or 4 volts. The "off-hook" voltage should be between 5 and 9 volts.

A comparison is helpful. Anything that sends the voltmeter up to 10 volts or below 5 could be an indication of a listening device; parasitic transmitters, for example, push the voltage higher. Regular tests will be helpful in establishing the norm for your phone. If you are serious, purchase a 0-to-50 microampere meter and a one-megohm resistor. These are available from any of the electronic suppliers: Radio Shack, Lafayette, etc.

Connect the resistor to the meter as shown in the illustration. Some extra wire will help. Disconnect one side of your phone line anywhere along the line—a friend with a little knowledge of electronics is a big asset. If the meter moves back to the left, below zero, reverse the loads. The meter should read around the 50 level with the phone on the hook. Now, short the phone leads together as shown. The meter will go to zero, then back to 50 and drop slowly. If it stops before it gets to zero, you're being bugged.

The capacitor in the telephone instrument charges like a battery: it draws a current from the line, and when it is "full" it stops. Thus the meter goes to zero. Most transmitters or recorders prevent the capacitor from charging completely, because they are drawing something for themselves. By using the voltmeter, you have accomplished more than the expensive telephone analyzers do for about \$10!

Checking for Room Bugs

Checking for room bugs is time consuming. The first thing that must be done is a



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complete physical search. Remove the cover plates from all light sockets and switches. Turn your electricity off at the breaker switch panel. This is important! You can get a healthy shock with no effort. Look for strange wires and microphones. Check each plug with the voltmeter and see if it is working before removing covers. Loosen the screws of the sockets and pull them out without wires. Are they all the same type? With a flashlight inspect the holes on the front. They should all be unobstructed. Any plugs that are thicker than the rest or have anything attached to the back that resembles epoxy are suspect. Inspect moldings and false ceilings.

Check any unusual wires with the voltmeter. Doorbell and thermostat lines can be traced and should have about 18 volts present. A metal detector is helpful for checking walls and floors. If you have a crawlspace in a rented house, it's worth giving close scrutiny.

The Airways

Finally, check the airways. Most surveillance transmitters operate on the following frequencies: low-band FM communications (30 to 50 megacycles), high-band FM (150 megacycles), ultrahigh (350 megacycles). An even greater percentage operate on the standard FM broadcast band.

You are able to get a wide variety of receivers on the market now with all of these bands. Even if you miss one, there is a 90-percent chance the transmitter will have a harmonic that you can detect. The harmonic is a multiple of the set frequency. Most surveillance transmitters aren't filtered enough to prevent harmonics, so you have a good chance of detecting them.

Slowly, with the volume as high as you can stand it, tune through the dial on each band. If you hear feedback (the ear-wrecking sound a PA system makes when a mike is too close to the speaker) you are in luck. You can plug in the earphone and pinpoint the location by walking around the room, radio in hand.

But remember: no telephone can be completely protected, and the body recorder seems to be rapidly becoming the device of choice for undercover agents. The reason for them is a proliferation of inexpensive equipment that detects tiny transmitters. Plus, the quality of the body recorders' playback sound is much more consistent and reliable. With the advent of the integrated circuit, they can house an entire amplifier or similar component in one tiny transistor-sized chip replacing 20 or 30 individual parts. The most popular body recorder is the Nagra. Originally designed for the motion-picture industry, it can operate for three hours without changing a tape. It provides an audio signal of high quality, although there is less recording time on the small cassettes. ■

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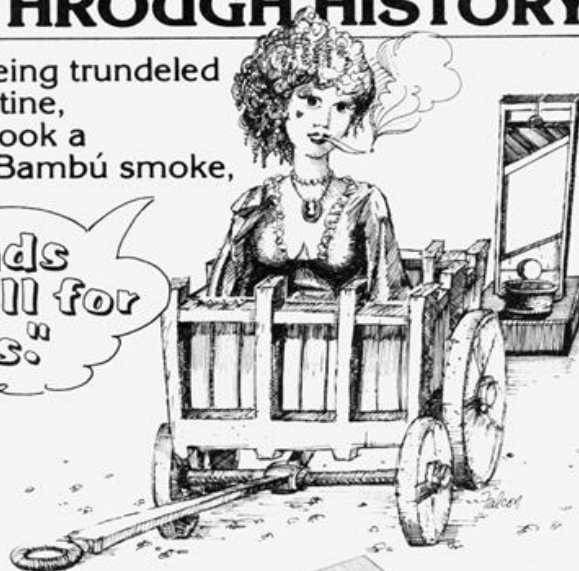
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Grace Jones

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Grace has always been in the habit of having a great time, dancing like crazy and singing on table-tops—and nobody in Paris ever saw anyone having quite as good a time. A French record producer caught one of her tabletop improvisations and signed her up, and in short order she was Europe's top disco singer. Grace didn't come back to the states as a mere megamodel, she came back a star. Her first three singles rocketed to the top of



Island Records

the disco charts, and she was subsequently signed by Island Records as their first disco act. But Grace isn't just another disco act, either.

Portfolio has a great dance beat that avoids the moronic thump-coma characterizing most disco dreck, and there's lots of great melodies too (but without cornball string-o-rama excess). Amazingly, Grace transforms two songs with enormous cornball potential, "Send in the Clowns" and "La Vie En Rose," into dynamic libido workouts with her full-tilt sexuality—complete with snarls, moans and power-belt delivery that makes Donna Summer sound like Marie Osmond.

—Neal Barlowe



RCA Records

David Bowie

Ever since he hit superstardom, David Bowie has incorporated technology into a pop format like nobody else. And nobody else has been so successful in fusing eclectic influences—the parts shouldn't fit, but they do. *Heroes* (RCA AFLI-2522) is Bowie's second collaboration with Brian Eno, the great technomusical artist formerly of Roxy Music, and this time the Bowie band also includes guitar genius Robert Fripp, the heavy-metal abstract expressionist who previously played for Eno and King Crimson.

Great innovators are often great fans. Bowie is influenced by the Velvet Underground, Kraftwerk and the Beatles. Is it stealing? Who cares, it's great. *Heroes*, like Bowie's previous *Low*, has two distinct sides: one pop and one moody, abstract, experimental, bizarre. Bowie has the most unique, bold, futuristic and yet enjoyable and accessible sounds around. It's unexpected, but *Heroes* sticks to your head.

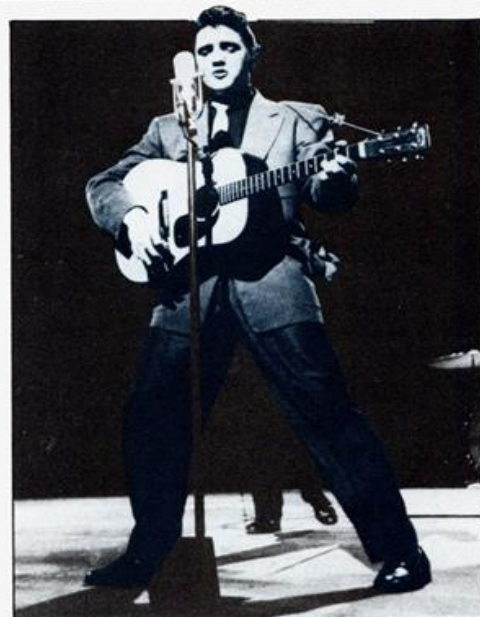
—Glenn O'Brien

Elvis Presley

The late Elvis Aaron Presley was the original, ultimate punk rocker who could, in his prime, cut Iggy, Stiv, Ramones, Clash and the rest into bleeding salami. The romping, stomping excitement of a Fifties Elvis show never made it onto any RCA wax, but here are three bootleg lp's that can give you a taste of that hysteria.

Good Rockin' Tonight (Bop Cat 100) seems to be culled from the original Sun Records session tapes. The top side contains Elvis rarities such as "My Baby Is Gone" and "Good Rockin' Tonight," including studio conversation between takes. The flip side features early gems by rock pioneers Jerry Lee Lewis, Billy Riley and Warren Smith. *Dorsey Brothers Shows* (Golden Archives 100) and *From the Waist Up: Ed Sullivan Shows* (Golden Archives 150) collect Presley's TV appearances in 1956 and 1957.

The Dorsey set includes multiple versions of "Heartbreak Hotel," "I Got a

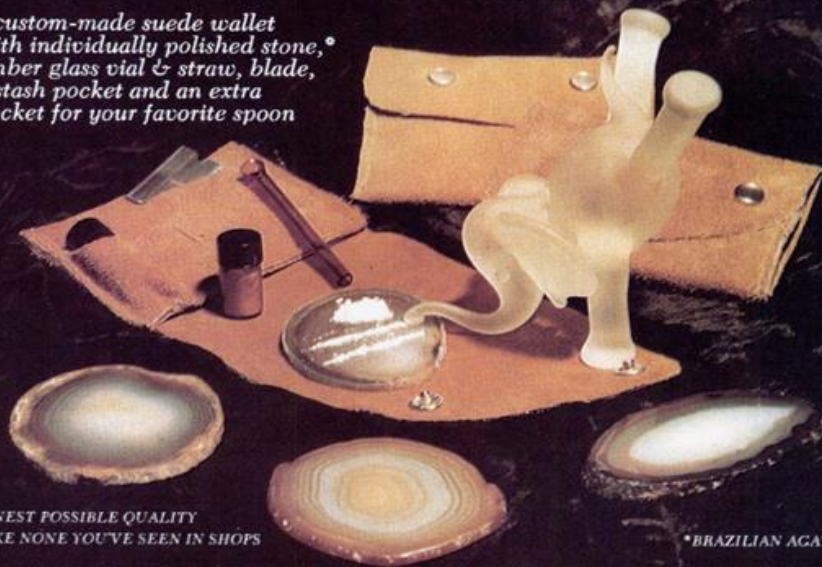


Wide World

Woman," "Don't Be Cruel," "I Was the One" and "Hound Dog." You can hear the teeny-boppers going wild as Elvis rocks

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out with Scotty Moore, Bill Black and D. J. Fontana.

The Sullivan collection is similar to the Dorseys', with the addition of "Peace in the Valley," "Too Much" and the standard "When My Blue Moon Turns to Gold Again." All three albums are available from Southern Record Sales (5001 Reynard, La Crescenta, California 91104), Rock and Country Records (Box 83, 310, 58 Vessigebro, Sweden) and Redita Records (Box 9812, The Hague, Holland).

—Dan Nooger

PROTEST, by Bunny Wailer (Island ILPS 9512). When Bunny Livingston and Peter Tosh left the Wailers a few years back, Bunny changed his name to Bunny Wailer and, backed by a moody organ, recorded a solo album, *Blackheart Man*. On his new *Protest*, Bunny replaces the organ with piano and guitar, providing a soulful underbelly. He even includes a discoish "Follow Fashion Monkey."



Bunny's version of the Marley/Tosh classic "Get Up, Stand Up" has more rage than either the Wailers' or Tosh's versions, and he adds some new lyrics to the Slickers' "Johnny Too Bad." But Bunny's originals are the most meaningful: "Scheme of Things" searches for the accomplishment of missions ("Said I need some atmospheric vibration / Too much confusion / The whole world is suffering from illusions"); in "Quit Trying" he tells his loved one to stop living his life—he doesn't want to be nagged, and he doesn't want sympathy. With all-star reggae sessionists, including Peter Tosh on guitar, Bunny Wailer has come up with one of the most pleasing reggae albums of recent years.

—Bob Grossweiner

FOREIGN AFFAIRS, by Tom Waits (Asylum 7E 1117). "I'd rather have a bottle in front of me than a frontal lobotomy," quipped Tom Waits in a gravelly drawl on a recent TV talk show. Waits trafficks in the people who inhabit all-night greasy-spoon cafes, those who hitch rides to oblivion. All this is conveyed by a sandpaper-and-coals voice, a blue-noted keyboard style.



He'll often use the fruition or disembowelment of false hopes as subject matter. On "Jack and Neal," two men travel to California with a nymphomaniac nurse, who they realize in time to be as mindless as they are. "Potter's Field" portrays the final days of an anonymous beggar. "Burma Shave" transcribes the jive rap between a Farley Granger lookalike and a forlorn woman hitchhiker, leading up to a graphic ("spider-web crack") description

of a fatal crash that occurs when she eggs him on to pass a car.

Low-down music, full of lone-man-on-a-rooftop sax solos like in grade-B flicks.
—Russell Shaw

GEORGE CRUMB AND CHARLES JONES (CRI SD 283, Composers Recordings, Inc., 170 West 74th Street, New York, N.Y. 10023). Charles Jones calls his string



quartets his "musical diary," and his sixth and latest (1970) is certainly a forceful, Ives-inspired message, but the main attraction is George Crumb's

"Black Angels (Thirteen Images from the Dark Land)." It's a string quartet for electrically amplified acoustic violins, viola and cello. Insatiable voracious insects open it with a screech and twitter worthy of any *Psycho* or *Exorcist*. They recur twice more amid other sections like "Lost Bells," "Devil Music," "Ancient Voices" and "Sounds of Bones and Flutes," all written to express the numerological relationships of 7 and 13 in music. The work is both rigidly patterned and frighteningly innovative. At times the performers count to each other in German, French, Russian, Hungarian, Japanese and Swahili. Ethereal mystery and glimpses of endless chaos make the music deep water for divers after black pearls.
—Gary Stimeling

LISTEN NOW, by Phil Manzanera (Polydor import 2302-074). Roxy Music guitarist Phil Manzanera has created *Listen Now*, a loose concept work about urban collapse, Thought Police manipulation and the horrors of dehumanized personal relationships, based not in the far distant future but in the here and now.



The all-star cast of session luminaries, including Eno, ex-10CCers Lol Creme and Kevin Godley (inventors of the Gizmo guitar synthesizer), Eddie Jobson from Roxy Music, drummer Simon Phillips and bassist/lyricist Bill MacCormick from Manzanera's new band 801, work together as one mind, and the music is dense, tense and chillingly smooth, with never a note out of place. "City of Light (42nd Street Blues)" captures the feel of an inner-city nightmare where curfew's just a shot away, while the dronelike instrumental "Island" suggests the numbed tranquility of people who are totally conditioned. The cover artwork reinforces the theme with its desperate street-corner exchange between two dehumanized captives trapped by a thick chain. 801 is not a politico-rock act like the Clash or Tom Robinson Band, and *Listen Now* is more a suggestion of things to think about than a set of marching orders.
—Dan Nooger

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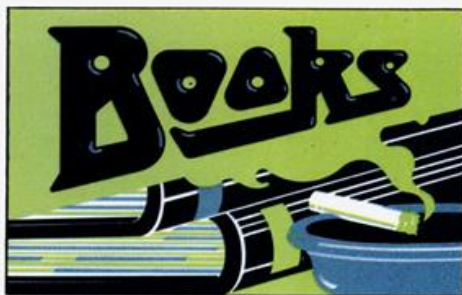
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Pinball

"Pinball is like making love," says author Roger C. Sharpe in *Pinball* (New York: E. P. Dutton, \$7.95). "It demands concentration and total emotional involvement of the player. Nothing else will do." Sharpe details pinball's history and recognizes it as an art form. James Hamilton's stunning full-color glossy



photographs display the playfields and back-glass art. Some pix delve into the postures, attitudes and enthusiasm of the players—the waist-high shot of a kid with his legs crossed, the cigarettes balanced on the machine's rim, the quarters waiting to be used signifying the line waiting for the machine. *Pinball* also includes a helpful glossary and a list of every pinball game ever manufactured in America.

—Bob Grossweiner



Author Gideon Sams put a real safety pin through the cover of every copy of his New Wave novel, *The Punk*.



The Punk

The Punk, by Gideon Sams (£.50 from Polytantric Press, 159 Wardour Street, London W1, England) has created quite a stir in England. It's the world's first punk novel, and a major motion picture is being planned. The novel started as a class project by author Sams, then 14 years old, who dropped out of school after being slapped in the face by his headmaster for refusing to look him in the eye. "Punks don't look headmasters in the eye," explains Gideon, who is currently a short-order pizza cook in his father's whole-food bakery, and whose ambition is to become a brain surgeon.

"Some punks played with safety pins; others paid with their lives..." says the back-cover blurb. *The Punk* should be read while listening to any British New-Wave album about no future, nothin' to do, no jobs, no money. The 62 hand-typed pages bristle with terse description and straightforward images of a frustrated adolescent existence that leads to forked hair, safety pins through the nose and ears, pogo dancing at the Roxy and outbursts of random violence.

Sams' "hero" Adolph Spitz moves away from home, joins England's punk underworld, steals a Teddy Boy's girlfriend and incurs the wrath of vengeful Teds. Author Sams is young, but he writes with the tough, brash stance of someone who knows the milieu and lives the lifestyle. But watch out. The conceit of naming the punk hero "Adolph" is a warning—*The Punk* may be the new *On the Road*, but there's also frightening echoes of *Mein Kampf*.

—Harry Wasserman

Marijuana Potency

In *Marijuana Potency* (Berkeley, California: And/Or Press, \$4.95), author Michael Starks has gathered, analyzed and translated the piles of scientific literature on his subject, including "clandestine black-market studies," as the jacket puts it. He has integrated and organized all this data and presents it coherently, with an admirable minimum of science talk. All necessary technical terms are carefully explained, and the illustrations are informative if not stunning.

Topics include: a clear outline of cannabinoid chemistry (cannabinoids are the



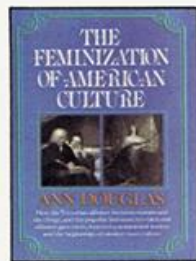
psychoactive constituents of marijuana, e.g. THC); a brief overview of the growth conditions that influence potency; cannabinoid influence on the quality of the

high, and the effects of various noncannabinoid components on taste and aroma; an appendix of chemical syntheses; and a complete bibliography for the serious researcher.

In the chapter "Grafting and Cloning," Starks discounts the myth that hops can be crossed with marijuana to produce a potent plant, but he notes successful experiments resulting in branches of Jamaican, Colombian, gold and Panama red growing on the same plant.

—Robert Connell Clarke

THE FEMINIZATION OF AMERICAN CULTURE, by Ann Douglas (New York: Knopf, \$15). In this erudite study (pre-



facied by an egregious grammatical error in the first sentence of the jacket copy), Columbia University professor Ann Douglas has successfully managed to create an interlocking cultural conglomerate comprised of such elements as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the Andover Seminary, nineteenth-century architecture, Reverend Billy Sunday, Herman Melville, women's magazines and Victorian graveyards.

Women and clergymen in America, Douglas theorizes, were at one time both disenfranchised groups. Their common predicament allied them in a strong position of cultural influence. They spent time in each other's parlors, commiserating when the men were away—from the home or from God—and aiding each other in various endeavors, from writing religious tracts to proselytizing against booze. Clergymen contributed to many women's magazines of the day, and, of course, it was the hatchet-wielding Carrie Nation who became synonymous with temperance. Popular culture thus became a female domain, and the late-afternoon, hand-wringing sessions of women and preachers resulted in many sappy ideas which, alas, are still very much with us.

For instance, if the often whining complaints of *Village Voice*/Ms. feminists seem to be rooted more in self-pitying sentimentality ("Oh, those nasty men! Why do they do those terrible things!") than in anything substantial, they have a foremother in Sarah Hale, the editor of the first women's magazine in the country, *Godey's Lady's Book*. Over a hundred years ago, Douglas points out, Hale editorialized that "...men must become more like women, and the women more like angels." Judging from the recent rash of articles by women who claim they can't get laid because all the men they know are queer, the first part of this exhortation seems to have come true. As for women being more like angels—I've always known I was perfect.

—Deanne Stillman

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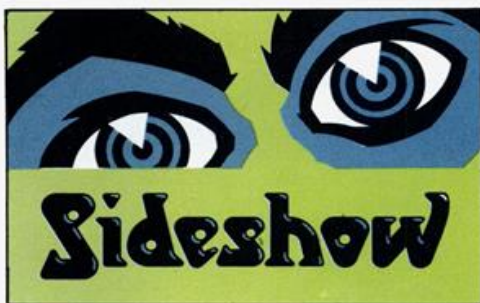
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Pounding the Dope Beat

No reporter has traveled as far in the inner circles of jet-set dope dealing as Leslie Morrison, whose "The Dope Industry" in this issue bears the marks of his years spent rapping with the Rockefellers, Morgans and Bernie Cornfelds of the international commodities trade. Morrison's previous accounts of fun and profit in the dope market include "The Hand of Ken Burnstine" [November '76], an interview with a smuggling ace [November '76], "Murder on the Opium Express" [September '77] and many other articles in this magazine over the past four years.

Currently in seclusion in the Hermann Goering Suite at the Juan Hotel in La Guajira, Colombia, Morrison is scraping together the wherewithal to pay off an angry crowd of coke dealers, cockfight promoters and fathers of ruined virgins by writing *Marijuana Mogul*, the first book-length study of the man who made \$100 million selling marijuana—showing, in ample detail, how anyone possessed of simple manual dexterity can do the same.

Little Dues Coup

Dave Noland, author of "Best Smuggling Vehicles," is *High Times*' executive editor for transportation vehicles and communication technology. He is widely acknowledged as an expert—some even say a guru—in both fields, having owned a 1964 Volvo equipped with an AM radio for several years now. However, he doesn't know shit about dope.

Noland, who lives in Mountainville, New York, is a former editor of *Air Progress* magazine and an occasional contributor to the *New York Times* and *More*. Before he found honest work, Noland published *In Formation*, the first underground newspaper ever legally distributed on an army base (Fort Knox). He owns and flies a Piper Cub, the forerunner of the Super Cub he nominated as one of *High Times*' Top Ten Smuggling Planes.



Solid Goldman

This issue we're proud to publish the two most recently filed reports from one of our star dope correspondents, Albert Goldman. From La Guajira, Colombia, Goldman fills us in on life and local color in the smuggling capital of the world, while from Georgia and Morocco and points between he runs down one of those all-time great smuggling runs that you just had to be there to dig—and, thanks to Albert, you are. Goldman is most famous for his best-selling biography *Ladies and Gentlemen, Lenny Bruce!!!* When not continent hopping in the company of import-export executives, Goldman, who lives in the Louis Tiffany mansion in New York, composes a monthly music column for *Esquire* and articles for *High Times* on such forerunners of hip culture as Mezz Mezzrow [November '77] and Lord Buckley [January '78]. A full-fledged professor of English literature who has written widely admired studies of Thomas De Quincey (the classic English author of *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*), Goldman is now at work on several books about pot smuggling. ■

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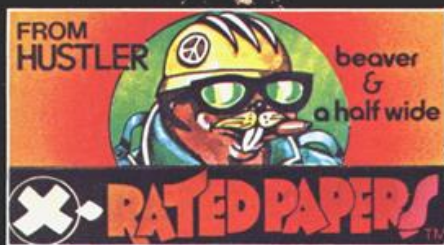
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High Times

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